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CASCO BAY YARNS

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WILLIAMS HAYNES



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Photo by L. D. Sherman

BAITING THE LOBSTER POT

CASCO BAY YARNS

BY

WILLIAMS HAYNES

Author of "Sandhills Sketches", etc.

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PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHOR



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FOREWORD

THIS little book was begun, quite unintentionally, five summers ago by my going out early one morning to help haul a line of lobster pots in order to gather material for a magazine article. What I learned gossiping with the lobstermen was so interesting that I was tempted to visit a neighboring island, and I was gradually coaxed into making a regular pilgrimage among the "Calendar Isles." In the end, I spent several weeks in the Library of the Maine Historical Society, digging out the early history of the Bay.

A great many very different people have contributed to this book—some a fact or a fable: others a glimpse of character or a typical phrase. I cannot thank all individually, but I must especially thank Mr. Robert G. Albion, of Portland and Great Chebeague Island, and Miss Evelyn L. Gilmore, Librarian of the Maine Historical Society, for their help in collecting historical material.

I am also indebted to the editors of "The Casco Bay Breeze," "Forecast," "Travel" "Lippincott's" and "Outing" for their permission to publish here the "yarns" that first appeared in their magazines.

WILLIAMS HAYNES.

Aucocisco, Cliff Island,
Casco Bay, Maine.



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Live Lobster

“**B**RR-R-R-R-R-R-RING!”

I clapped my hand over the alarm clock to hush its clatter. Just because I had accepted Cap'n Ed Linscott's cordial invitation to run his line of lobster pots with him was no good reason why the whole family should be awakened at half past two.

In the darkness I felt my way around the bed post, past a treacherous rocker, over to the window. I raised the shade and peered out. Overhead the stars were already beginning to lose their twinkling brightness, but land and water lay veiled in the night mists. Though I could distinctly hear the swishing, whispering wash of the incoming tide against the rocks fifty feet below, I could not make out the familiar outline of the ragged shore. Over in the village, among the cluster of fishermen's homes, several yellow lights burned dimly through the haze

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and the sudden "putter-putter-putter-put-put-put" of a motor boat over in the Cove told that at least one of the early-birds was already out.

There was a particularly brilliant illumination in Cap'n Ed's kitchen, and I hurried into my clothes. The Cap'n has not been blessed with the patience of Job, and since I particularly wanted him to be in a talkative good humor this morning, I did not want to keep him waiting. After hastily washing down a couple of cold bacon sandwiches with a cup of re-heated, coal-black coffee, I slipped out of the cottage. The cool, damp, salt-laden morning breeze, breathing the witching spell of the sea, greeted me. In the half-darkness I stumbled over to the Cove.

Cap'n Ed was loading his punt with a tub half full of cod heads, pieces of cunner, and crushed crabs, the delicious tid-bits with which the old vulture of the sea bottom is tempted into the traps. The odoriferous cargo safely aboard, he straightened up and replied to my morning salutations with a deep grunt. So, I had kept him waiting after all.

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"Looks," he added pessimistically, "as eff we was agoin' to git a leetle blow."

"Do you think so?" I asked in mock apprehension.

He chuckled appreciatively. "Here," he said, not unkindly, "you hop aboard, an' I'll shove off."

"Have I kept you waiting?" I asked.

"Not partic'lar. Git aboard."

I stepped into the punt, crawled over the bait tub and sat down gingerly on the dew-soaked stern seat. The Cap'n gave a mighty heave that sent the heavy punt bounding away from the wharf, swinging himself aboard and picking up the oars almost in one movement.

As we were rowing out to where the *Sally L* was tugging at her mooring, young Jimmy Wilson came running down to the beach and jumped into his punt. His vigorous, young strokes carried him past us, and he hailed, good naturedly advising the Cap'n "to try an' git away afore sun-up." The Cap'n did not deign to reply. By the time our punt was made fast to the mooring, Jimmy's *Mermaid*, as he fantastically called his prosaic, brick-red tub of a lobster boat, was already spluttering out of the Cove. As the

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Cap'n cranked his engine, I heard him muttering something about "young pirate".

"Here," he said to me once the engine was running smoothly, "you take her a bit while I ret up," calling over his shoulder as he stowed the bait tub away, "Mind the reef—et's only half tide. We'll haul them pots over by the Broken Cave and the Mink Rocks."

It is a mark of friendship and confidence when Cap'n Ed entrusts the *Sally L* to anyone, and I accepted her as a special trust. Next to the old lady she is named after, this motor boat is closest to Cap'n Ed's heart. She is not beautiful, but very capable, a buxom fisher lass, stout and strong, well able to buffet with the sea and do the rough knockabout work of lobstering. She can handle a deal of rough weather and her oak ribs have not cracked under many a thumping against buoys and wharfs. Like most of the Down East lobster boats, she is a broad-beamed, heavy craft, about twenty-four feet long, and though she is not speedy, she minds her tiller quickly. Forward of the engine, a rude, crosswise partition makes a compartment where the lobsters are dumped. Here they can scramble about

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and engage in bitter, fruitless duels without being any trouble. Beside the engine, and running aft on each side of the cockpit, are two seats. On one of these, after everything was ship-shape, the Cap'n sat down opposite me and deliberately lighted his pipe.

We had slipped out of the Cove, 'round Lone Pine Point, and were running between Cliff and Jewell's Island. The night mists were melting away. Off the wooded end of Jewell's Island I could just make out a purplish haze at the edge of the horizon. This I knew was the barren steep-sided rock, Brown Cow, and I steered a course just inside of it where the Mink Rocks lie. These rocks and reefs are a part of the great break-water that Nature has flung carelessly between Casco Bay and North Atlantic. Among their ragged shoals is a favorite haunt of the lobster, and here Cap'n Ed had laid his line of pots. It is a nasty place for a small boat, a place where the white spray of the rolling ocean surf is flung far over the reefs and where a cruel, swift tide sucks around the hidden rocks.

The mists had all but vanished now. In the west the stars had faded to the tiniest pin-points of pale light, and little wisps of

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pink clouds, streaked across the eastern sky, foretold the coming of the sun. The wind had died down completely. The quiet ocean, a great piece of olive-green changeable silk with rose pink showing on the tip of every ripple, stretched away on all sides of us. Suddenly the sun climbed out of the ocean, and in a moment it was full day. The mist melted away. The water was changed in an instant to a great, sparkling sapphire, curiously wrought with little flecks of pure beaten gold. The wind came puffing across the Bay, and the smooth sea was broken into a myriad of tiny waves. We glided behind Brown Cow, and its rugged cliffs stood black and bold against the rising sun.

"It's too bad," I said, breaking a long silence, "that sun rise is over so quickly."

"It's too bad that Wilson b'y don't keep away from other folks' lobster pots!"

"What," I asked, laughing at this violent transition, "what is the matter with the Wilson boy?"

"Thar ain't nawthin' partic'lar the matter with Jimmy—'cept he's jest like the rest o' the youngsters. Not one in a hundred of 'em's got backbone enough to go t'sea, an' not more'n one in fifty'll even go fishin'.

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Thar ain't a b'y on the Island kin lay a course by the compass. They don't know nawthin' 'bout a baut."

"Captain," I interrupted, "you are altogether too hard on them. Jimmy, and young Fletcher, and half a dozen others can take a boat anywhere in Casco Bay"

"Co'rse they kin — a motor baut!" He knocked the ashes out of his pipe into his hand and tossed them away with a gesture of utmost contempt. "Et don't take a sailor to crank an engine, et takes a chofoor!" The Cap'n's voice was trembling with righteous indignation. "In my day," he added proudly, "we b'ys went t'sea an' left the lobsters and the clams to the old men, but there's not a young 'un in the Bay t'day's been b'yond Cape Cod, an' as fer sailin' fer furrin' ports—why they think more of goin' Down East off the Banks after sword fish than we did of roundin' the Horn. They jest want to hang 'round all day in a high-standin' collar, an' play baseball, an' make a livin' lobsterin'. Some of 'em's too durned lazy to lay their own pots, so they haul anyone's pot they think ain't goin' to ketch 'em. Just look over thar at that Jimmy Wilson now!"

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The Cap'n pointed toward Ministerial Island, where Jimmy was certainly hauling a lobster pot out of the water.

"I'll bet he ain't hed a pot of his own over thar fer four months. He's been alaying his traps off between Outer Green and Junk o' Pork."

"He may have moved them," I put in.

"Shucks!" the old man replied shortly. "We'll jest run in 'round thet way an' see whose pots he's been robbin'." He stood up and peered ahead to sight one of the red and white buoys that marked his own pots. "Thet furst b'oy," he said, "lies 'teen the p'int of the Cow and thet reef. A leetle more to starb'd. Thar, thet's et."

In a moment we caught sight of the bobbing white block with its twin bands of red, Cap'n Ed's private mark, and I headed right for it. The Cap'n picked up the boathook and stood by the engine. When we were almost on top of the buoy, with one sweeping dexterous movement, he snapped off the switch of the *Sally L's* motor, reached over the side, hooked the buoy, and landed it in the boat. It all sounds very easy—on a calm day I can do it myself, quite neatly—but in a blow, when the *Sally L* dances about and

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the little buoy bobs up and down like a cork, only experience, the result of years of almost daily practice, enables the lobsterman, single-handed, to handle his tiller, his engine, and his boathook all at once and to pick up the buoy every time at the first try.

Grabbing the buoy's line, the Cap'n hauled away till the lobster pot was drawn dripping over the side. Hauling a lobster pot is hard, heavy work. One needs a stout back and strong arms and hands as tough as sole leather. The old man was puffing as he untangled the festoons of seaweed and kelp that decorated the pot and dropped them silently overboard, but had I offered to help him in his work, he would have been insulted. Was I not his guest? Etiquette permitted that I take the tiller, but forbade that I do any real work. Hauling a lobster pot has, however, all the fascinating uncertainty of gambling. It is really a vigorous game of grab-bag. You can never tell what will be in the slatted wooden trap. There may be five dollars' worth of good legal lobsters. There may only be a couple of "shorts", too small to be sold when the warden is about. There may be nothing but some crabs—"bait robbers" the Cap'n calls

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them, and squares matters by turning them themselves into bait.

Cap'n Ed balanced the pot on the edge of the gun'ale and opened the door on the top. We both peered in eagerly. "Three counters", well over the limit, one of them a "reg'lar whopper", a great grand-daddy of a lobster, and one that looked short to me. The Cap'n thrust his hand into the pot and quickly deposited the three larger lobsters in the forward compartment. One of them was a "shedder", a soft shell, who will have to spend some time in captivity before going to market, for, unlike his cousin the crab, he is not fit to eat in this condition. The three scrambled about, making no end of fuss, and, as if blaming each other for their plight, grappled in deadly, nipping embraces, so that the Cap'n had to drive little wooden pegs into the joints of their great claws to keep them from hurting each other. Just then, however, he was looking mournfully at the "leetle 'un." He measured him between two cleats on the gun'ale, and he was a good two inches short of the Maine law's minimum.

"He's a leetle small, ain't he?"

"He certainly is," I replied smiling.



THE PUNCH BOWL, JEWELL'S ISLAND



INDIAN HEAD ROCK, JEWELL'S ISLAND

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"Wal," Cap'n Ed said, slowly, as he dropped the young lobster overboard, "I ain't much of a hand to keep shorts. Not," he added candidly, "that I don't take a few home to Mother for eatin' ourselves. They're a heap sweeter tastin'."

"Of course they are, and that's just where the rub comes, doesn't it?" I said, and he nodded. "When Mr. Swell down in the Broadway restaurant tells the waiter, 'I'll have a broiled live lobster to-night, a nice, small, young one, Louis', he gives his order to the fat cook, the dealer, the commission man, and the lobsterman, doesn't he?"

The Cap'n took my words very literally, and he flared up in one of his delightful outbursts. "Since I hed a ship of my own, thet's since eighty-four — she was a four-master, the *Agatha* in coastwise trade — since then, I ain't took orders from nob'dy."

"Well," I laughed, "he gives his orders to the ones who do trade in 'shorts'."

"Ma'be so, ma'be so," and the Cap'n reached for the second buoy which we were just approaching.

After he had hauled the pot, taken out a single lobster, re-baited the trap and lowered it again, he turned to me and said, "Speak-

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in' of sich, et's my 'pinion thet eff all the laws agin takin' short lobsters was repealed, an' all the lobster wardens fired to Ballyhack, we'd hev less law breakin' an' more lobsters."

"If there were no laws, there'd certainly be less law breaking," I replied gravely, "that's real nonsense."

His eyes twinkled as he answered, "Wal, it's durned sensible nonsense."

"What about the lobsters?" I asked

"Ev'ry man in Casco Bay knows thet eff we ain't kerful we ain't going' to hev no lobsters some day, but nob'dy throws back shorts 'cause nob'dy else does. Thet leetle feller I dropped over at the furst pot was legal length in Mas'chusetts or N'York, eff he weren't here in Maine, and et ain't so hard to git 'em to Boston neither. Thet's whar the laws is all wrong."

The Cap'n waxed eloquent on the subject, and before he had finished we had hauled the last of his row of pots, and over a dozen of big green fellows, all well over the legal limit, were crawling about in the compartment. His threatened blow had not come, though a brisk breeze was blowing smartly out of the northwest, and the *Sally L*, when

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I headed her for home again, danced and skipped gleefully over the little whitecaps.

"Let's take a look at the pots Jimmy Wilson was haulin'," he suggested, and I headed for the end of Ministerial Island. Inside the long reef we could see a line of bobbing red buoys. I skirted the end of the reef, and as we neared the buoys, the Cap'n picked up his boat hook again. He shut off the engine and reached for the buoy, but just as he was about to hook it, a wave rolled it over and there flashed to view, in baby blue letters on the red background, the initials "J. W." Without a word the Cap'n threw down his boat hook and cranked his engine. We hurried past the nodding red buoys with their bold blue monograms. The Cap'n kept his eyes fixed in the rocky point of Cliff Island. After a long time he spoke.

"I cal'late I was too hard on Jimmy Wilson. Them was his pots." I nodded and he continued simply. "Maybe the b'ys'll come 'round alright. I cal'late et's mainly the summer folks' fault. They spoils them young fellers dreadful."

"Of course, nobody ever spoils the old fellows, do they?" I asked innocently enough.

Cap'n Ed looked at me a moment and

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then he solemnly winked. "Et's 'bout time some of us was gettin' spoiled. We didn't get none of et when we was young. Why, I wasn't as old as Jimmy an' not more'n a slip o' his size when I shipped aboard the *Fuchsia* out o' Portland fer Singapore. Dave Martin was our skipper. an' he was the biggest, strongest, hardest man thet ever ——" and Cap'n Ed spun a yarn about his maiden voyage under this burly bully, a wild sea story with a mutiny because of bad food and harsh treatment and a storm that carried away two of the vessel's four masts in it. By the the time the schooner *Fuchsia* dropped her anchor safely in Singapore Harbor, the little *Sally L* was nosing her way among the other lobstering craft in the Southwest Cove.

Ten minutes later we had everything ship-shape. As we unloaded the bait tub with the lobsters at the wharf, I began to thank my skipper.

"Don't you say a word," he interrupted. "I'm alluz glad to hev you come along. Et's tolerable lonesome haulin' a line of pots marnin' after marnin' all by yourself."

Bewitched Gold

JOHNS SYLVESTER sat bolt upright in bed.

"Marthy, Marthy!" he whispered hoarsely, shaking his wife's angular shoulder. "Marthy, I hed a dream!"

Martha Sylvester grunted and rolled over, turning her back on her excited spouse. Her John was given to dreaming dreams, and besides, having put up three dozen glasses of apple jelly that day, she was very tired.

"Marthy," he persisted, thrumping her timidly on the back, "I hed a dream," and since this had no effect, he added boldly, "I'm goin' t' Portland in the marnin'."

Roused by this display of unusual energy, Martha turned over and asked sharply, "Be ye?—what fer?"

"I hed a dream, I tell ye. Do y' 'member thet pirate chap come t' the house when Len

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an' me was boys an' got Father t' row him over t' Pond Island?"

Martha had heard the story of the swarthy gentleman with the red bandanna and the bobbing gold earrings at least a thousand times, and already she suspected the burden of this dream.

"Wal," continued John in aspirate whispers, " I seen him and Injun Bessie lifting a big iron chest out of the ground, plain's the nose on your face, an' et was full of gold. I cal'late Injun Bessie 'll be able t' tell whar thet pirate treasure's buried on Pond Island."

"I cal'late eff thet pirate weren't able t' find et himself, thar ain't no Injun fortin teller kin tell whar et be."

"Wal, I'm goin' up t' see her anyway."

"I jest thought thet y' might be goin' up t' get a berth on Frank Sterling's smack."

"Mabbe I will," John agreed cheerfully.

"Mabbe y' won't," answered Martha shortly, and then she added coaxingly, "Sam Johnson says the mac'rel's runnin' good. They hed a thirty-two dollar share last trip, an' only three days out."

"I know et, an' mabbe I'll go fishin' afterwards, but I must see Injun Bessie furst."

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Martha grunted and rolled over again.

"Be George goin' t' Portland in the mornin'?" asked John.

"Dunno, but Ed Green be," and in another minute the sound of Martha's deep breathing, as slow and regular as the swish of the surf through the Mink Rocks, filled the little room. But John did not go to sleep again. He had built his castle out of pirate gold so many times that he had become an expert architect, and he skipped over such simple chateaux as the ownership of a full rigged sloop or of Moody's general store. He moved entirely away from Bailey's Island up to Portland, into a splendid brownstone house on State street with a close cropped lawn, a wonderful fountain, with pond lilies and gold fish, and a great lead dog out in front. He saw himself in a snowy white stock and black coat like Judge Baxter's and a stovepipe hat, shinier than Mr. Deering's, strolling down Exchange street, "John Sylvester" no longer, but "Mr. Sylvester, sir." He would be all he was not now, a respected man of importance to whom everyone would listen attentively when he gave his valued opinion on the cause of storms and the best way to break up a setting hen. He would

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probably become president of the First National Bank, and his fellow islanders would come to his big office, very respectful, twisting their sea caps in their hands, to pledge their little homes and garden patches against the chances of the fisherman's business. He would make that storekeeper Moody sweat for having refused him further credit, and he would foreclose the mortgage on Ed Green's house to teach him to laugh at his expert methods of dissuading an old Plymouth Rock from hatching out fourteen good, edible eggs.

He remembered now that he was going up to Portland with Ed in his dory that morning, and he stretched his long neck to see if it was light enough to make out the mirror of the little dressing stand across the room. A cock crowed somewhere, and the wash of the little waves against the cove's shelly beach told that the tide had turned. It must be about three o'clock, but Ed would hardly start before four. He wished to see his watch, but was afraid to get up lest he disturb Martha. And, oh yes, Martha and he would do better together after he found his fortune. He would be master in his own house and she would stop her slurs and

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nags. So, he lay there, waiting for daylight and feeding his little soul with big thoughts.

At last the mirror showed a luminous, silvery square in the dark corner. John slipped out of bed, tiptoed over to his clothes, and crept cautiously down stairs. He threw some wood in the stove and put the coffee on to boil while he dressed by the ruddy light that glowed through the black frets of the stove drafts. He fried himself a couple of eggs, ate hurriedly in noisy silence, and then, stuffing a couple of great hunks of bread and three doughnuts into his pocket and counting out three dozen eggs into a paper bag, he slipped out the back door and walked with great shuffling strides over to Ed Green's little house. A bright light shone in the kitchen and John knocked at the kitchen door.

"Come in!" roared a big voice, and John opened the door a crack and stuck his head through. "Marnin', John, marnin'. Been't y' up prutty early?"

"Be y' goin' t' Portland?"

Ed Green nodded into his coffee cup.

"Kin I come."

"Sartinly," and Ed went back to his eggs and coffee. His wife nodded kindly to

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John and pointed to a chair. He slipped into the room and sat down by the door.

"Bin breakin' up — any — settin' hens lately?" Ed asked between mouthfuls.

"Nope," replied John shortly, and Ed laughed while his wife snickered.

"I cal'late t' ask y' t' come over an' try your hand breaking up them spar'rs thet's nestin' on oun front porch," Ed said seriously. "They make a heap o' mess."

John Sylvester deigned no answer, and after this conversation between them lagged. John silently helped load four barrels of lobsters into the dory and silently helped cast off. Once out of Johnson's Cove and running along the outside of Bailey's Island, he stretched himself out on the cross seat and again began to dream. Nobody ever paid much attention to John Sylvester, and there was a spanking breeze, so Ed Green had plenty to do with his pipe and his mainsheet and his tiller. He noticed Sam Pettingill on Cliff Island was painting his house and he marveled at the number of lobster buoys in the shallows round the Stepping Stones, but, though he did speculate a bit on the probable market price of lobster, still most of the time he was fully occupied

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with his boat. She danced over the sparkling water, and, despite the September blow and the foamy white caps, he steered her over the shorter course, outside Long Island, then by Pumpkin Nob, through the Roads into the harbor. He liked to feel the pull of the tiller and he enjoyed the plunge of the dory over the waves and the reckless dip of her gun'ale awash.

After they made fast alongside Trefethen's Wharf and the lobsters were unloaded, John broke the long silence by asking when they would start back. "'Bout elev'n," Ed replied, and John nodded and stalked off.

As he left the wharf he glanced at the big clock over the Custom House. He would have an hour and a half. He sold his eggs at Boyce's, and with thirty-six cents tickling in his pocket, set out to learn his fortune. He knew very well where Injun Bessie lived in a little shack behind Mr. Longfellow's great house, and he went straight to this shrine. As he drew near to the rude, unpainted cottage, however, his long steps began to falter. He remembered Deacon Orr's thundered sermon against witchcraft. He recalled that everyone said that Injun Bessie had

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entered into an unholy, carnal alliance with the Evil One himself. George Sinnott's first wife, Charity Skillings, had been bewitched by an Indian fortune teller and had gone clean out of her senses and jumped overboard. All his little courage oozed away in cold sweat, but he pulled himself together with the memory of his golden dream and rapped lightly at the door. It opened almost under his timid touch and old Injun Bessie peered out at him. Hers was not a pretty face, all brown and wrinkled like a dried cherry, with a great hooked nose and a sharp hooked chin, and black, beady eyes that glowed under her heavy eyebrows.

"What want?" she demanded in a hollow, guttural voice.

"I—I want my fortune told," gasped John.

"Huh," she grunted, and opening the door beckoned to him mysteriously. She pointed to a room off the dark hallway and John stepped gingerly in. By all rules this should have been the best parlor of the house, but what a best parlor! The floor was strewn with hides, deer, moose, and bear; and on the walls hung more hides, wampum belts, long strings of conch shells,

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stone hatchets and knives with clam shell blades, head-dresses of feather, and charms of heron wings, and curiously worked spirit bags. In the center of the room was a low table covered with a black cloth on which stood a great rock crystal, rough and jagged, that glistened in the dull light. The old squaw motioned him to a stool beside the table and sat down opposite him.

"Wampum," she said harshly, and John handed her a quarter.

"More wampum!" but he shook his head.

"More wampum!" she repeated so savagely that he hastily drew the ten-cent piece and the new penny out of his pocket and gave them to her, spreading out his hands as a sign he had no more.

Old Bessie looked at the money critically and thrust it in her bosom. She stretched her bony hands out on the table, and, as if in silent prayer, closed her eyes and bowed her head. The wild thought that she was communicating with her satanic lover rushed into John's head, and he wished himself well out of the whole wicked business. The old hag's body swayed slowly back and forth, back and forth, and she burst suddenly into a shrill falsetto chant that sent shiv-

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ers down her victim's long spine. As suddenly as she began she stopped, swaying and singing and with wide, staring eyes gazed at the block of crystal.

"Me see," she said abruptly, and her voice was high and cracked, hard to understand. "wood canoe with wings—you and other brave come Portland—other brave, red hair, his canoe—me see other brave, baby—live little island—play nine brothers and two sisters—all play." She clutched the black cloth in her thin fingers. "Me see too, you and brave go same island—shovels—dig—big chest—chest full gold—heaps gold, heaps wampum." She raised her eyes from the crystal and looked straight at the trembling John. Slowly, in her deep, guttural voice, she continued, "He no find; you no find; both find." She blinked her eyes and shook her head fretfully. "Go," she said, rising and pointing to the door.

Outside in the bright light John blinked and rubbed his eyes. What did it all mean? She spoke of the same square chest he had seen in his dreams. The red-haired brave who had brought him to Portland in a winged canoe was surely Ed Green. He and his nine brothers and two sisters had

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been born on Pond Island. Pond Island! It was to Pond Island that his father had, many years ago, taken the swarthy stranger. Everyone had always said that the pirate Lowe had buried three kettles of bar silver and great chest of gold and jewels, taken from the Spanish galleon *Don Pedro del Montclova*, on Pond Island. It was all perfectly clear now—he stumbled over a box of codfish in the packing room on Trefethen's Fish Wharf. He went down on the dock and scrambled aboard the dory. The idea that neither he nor Ed Green could find the treasure except in partnership worried him. He mistrusted his ability to drive a fair bargain with the shrewd, red-headed Ed, and for an hour he sat in the broiling sun beside the smelly fish wharf, puzzling over this problem.

Finally, Ed Green returned in a talkative good humor. He had met friends in the city, and, as they beat out of the harbor, he essayed several tempting topics of conversation. Getting nothing but grumpy monosyllables out of his companion, he began to chaff him again about his setting hens.

"Y' ain't figgered no way t' break up a settin' mac'rel, hev ye?" he jeered. "Don't

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s'pose thet system o' yours ud work on fish, ud et?"

"Y's born on Pond Island, weren't ye?" answered John.

Ed Green looked at him in blank astonishment. Fearing a trap, he asked cautiously, "Y' know et, don't ye?"

"I jest wanted t' make sure."

"Wal, I'll be durned!" ejaculated the skipper, and for the next fifteen minutes devoted his attentions exclusively to the dory. His companion's next speech startled him even more.

"Ed, I'll guve ye a hundred dollars t' come t' Pond Island an' dig fer buried gold with me."

"You'll what? Pshaw, y' ain't got no hundred dollars."

"I will hev, won't I, when I git the gold?"

"Why not go halves?"

"Nope, I guve y' a hundred dollars," and then after a long pause, "I'll guve y' two hundred dollars."

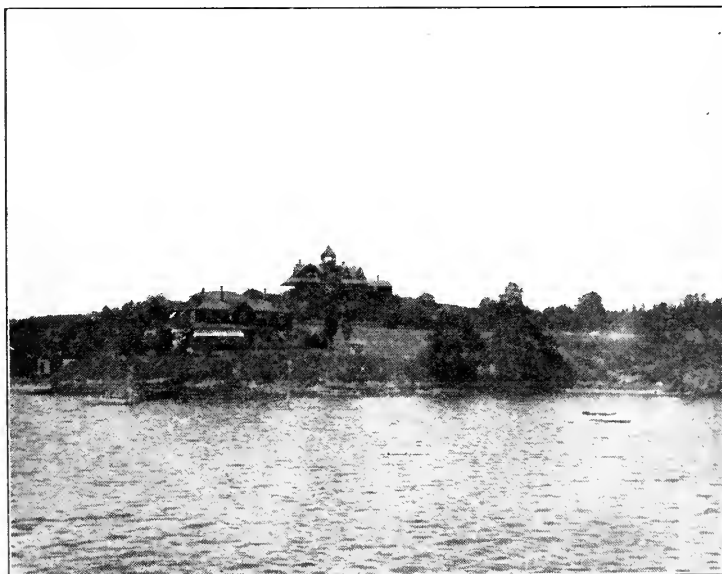
"What set y' thinkin' o' diggin' fer gold on Pond Island?" asked the keen Ed.

"Ain't y' never heerd thar's gold thar?"

"Yep—pirate named Lowe weren't et? When I's a b'y thar used t' come crazy folks



PUMPKIN KNOB



DIAMOND ISLAND

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asking Pap t' let 'em dig fer gold. He never set no store by et. What guve y' the notion?"

Little by little he wormed the whole story out of John Sylvester, till when they parted at his little dock, he knew every detail from the mysterious dream to Injun Bessie's cryptic message. His parting shot was, "'Pears t' me as eff born thar guve me more'n rights than y' hev but I'll go halves." To which John replied doggedly, "I'll guve ye five hundred dollars."

For very different reasons neither treasure hunter confided in his wife—Ed Green because it never occurred to him to consult with his patient, insignificant partner; John Sylvester because he knew any suggestion of a partnership between himself and Ed would bring forth a flood of sarcasm comparative of his and Ed's business ability and the doleful prophecy that he would be neatly cheated by his slick colleague. He had a sneaking feeling this might happen, but he made a practice of putting unpleasant alternatives from his mind. Ed Green dismissed the whole matter by mentioning casually that "thet fool John is goin' diggin' fer pirate gold on Pond Island." "Land sakes!

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Do tell now," was Mrs. Green's only comment. Mrs. Sylvester, however, was regaled with a boastful account of Bessie's strong confirmation of the dream, an account that bristled with all the eerie horrors of her mummeries and which made clear the courage and superiority of one John Sylvester. Whatever her doubts might have been about the truth of the compliments from the spirit world with which John garnished his tale for her special benefit, Martha was at least sufficiently impressed to make no objections to his going over to Pond Island that night to hunt for the treasure. Fifteen years of married life had convinced her that unless there was a sudden stroke of good fortune (and there were no rich relatives in either branch of the family) her John would never make much of a mark. As a good Christian she disliked entangling alliances with Black Art and as a proper sensible body she put no trust whatever in the word of witches, but then everyone knew there was gold on Pond Island somewhere, and maybe——

So, after dark, John took pick and spade, a couple of gunny sacks and a lantern, and crept stealthily down to his punt in the cove. It was a cold and blustery September

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night, and he was sure no lovers would sit on the sea rocks to watch the cold sliver of a fall moon, so he felt certain nobody would see him as he rowed over to Pond Island, a couple of miles seaward. Wind and tide were both against him. It would be a long, hard pull. He picked out a clump of pines besides Will's Cut to steer by and fell into the islander's short, choppy stroke that kept the blunt nose of the punt poking into the incoming waves. Three or four times he twisted 'round to see how much clearer the ragged outlines of little Pond Island were becoming, but most of the time he kept his eyes fixed on the thwart under his feet. He whistled a jerky jig tune to keep up his spirits, for the spell of the ugly propheticess who had sent him upon this strange business was still upon him, and the wind that whistled over the black waters was full of strange noises he did not want to hear.

When he came under the lee of the island he carefully nosed his way between the rocks and beached the punt in a sandy inlet. He dragged his little craft above the fringe of dried seaweed that marked the limit of high water and picked up his tools. Except for an indistinct picture of a little hollow from

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whence in his dream he had seen the pirate and the squaw lift the treasure chest, he had no clue of where he should go to work. The island was not large, but it was big enough to have securely hidden the pirates' loot from a score of industrious searchers. Rumor said Lowe had dropped the kettles of silver into an old pond that had originally given the island its name, and the meadow that was its now dry bottom was marked with four deep pits, relics of fruitless treasure-hunting expeditions. John Sylvester had no mind to work such well-tilled fields. He wanted the iron-bound chest full of gold and jewels, and it was always said the pirates had buried this on the southern side of the island.

Half unconsciously, therefore, he set off to the right, scrambling over rocks that each Spring and Fall served as his blind on duck shooting expeditions. He peeped over every boulder and swung his lantern above every crevice but the flickering light only revealed an endless succession of likely hiding places, and he crossed the whole southern side of the island without determining upon the most likely. He came back, ploughing through

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the coarse grass and little stunted cedars behind the rocky shore.

As he descended a little slope, his foot slipped and he, his lantern, and his digging tools all came clattering to the ground. The lantern rolled beside his foot. He reached to pick it up, but with a yell of terror sprang to his feet. There, by the lantern, lay a skull, a human skull. Bleached snow white by the sun and salt water, it glistened by the upturned lantern, grinning at him grew-somely. He must have stepped on the dreadful thing. His tight-drawn nerves jumped and his teeth chattered. Grabbing his pick and spade and securing the lantern with a wild lunge, he turned to flee, when suddenly he came to a full stop. Here was a sign. He looked about eagerly. He was in the very hollow of his dream. He set the lantern carefully on a stone, and with his shovel charily picked up the skull and flung it over the ridge. A hollow splash told him it had landed far over the rocks in the water. Then with pattering heart he began to dig feverishly. The ground was coarse sand, and soon he was standing knee deep in a shallow pit. Under the sand he found a bed of crushed shells, damp and hard-packed, and

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he plied the pick to loosen them. He shoveled out the loosened shells and again began to pick. With his first mighty blow his pick struck something hard that gave forth a dull, hollow sound. He raised his pick to strike again. A deep groan froze him motionless, paralyzed with fear. He strained to listen, but heard only the thumping of his own heart and the splash of the little waves against the rocks.

"Shucks!" he said aloud, reassuringly, "'tain't nawthin'."

He brought down his pick. Again the blood-curdling groan echoed his blow. He clutched his heart to keep it from bursting. Unmistakably the groan came from over the rocks where he had thrown the skull. For a breathless second he stood there, and then a deep, sepulchral voice asked, "Who's that digging up my gold?"

John fled. He rushed up the little hill, he stumbled and fell, on again, he ripped his clothes in the thickets and tore his hands in the briars, but on he rushed blindly, and at last he reached the punt. Jumping in he rowed for Bailey's Island in a fury of fear. He leaped ashore, without making the punt fast he ran up the hill, burst into his home,

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and not till he was safe in his own bright, warm kitchen did he stop.

"John, y' found et!" exclaimed Martha.

"No, no," he shrieked and then he incoherently jabbered out his wild tale.

There was no sleep in the little house that night. John gradually calmed down, and told and retold the night's adventures, each time adding more illuminating details, while Martha, startled out of her skeptical senses, became at each telling more and more credulous.

"'Tain't no good comes of sich hanted gold nohow," she said philosophically, as she blew out the spluttering lamp, for the sun was beginning to peer through the sea mists over the horizon.

"Nope, 'tain't," John agreed.

"Look at Enos Swett over by Harpswell. The gold he dug up under his barn never did him no good, did et?—filled a drunkard's grave, didn't he?" John nodded, and she continued, "'Pears like buried gold's allus b'witched. 'Tain't fit fer a good Christin t' hev nawthin' t' do with et. Et's jest a temptation of the world and the devil."

John looked out of the little window.

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Pond Island stood out a dark blotch in the pearly haze. He shivered.

"Marthy," he said suddenly, "let's go t' Portland this winter. I'll work in the store with Len."

Their breakfast, a few minutes later, was interrupted by a loud knock at the door. Martha found her voice first, and called weakly, "Who's there?"

For answer the door was flung open and Ed Green stepped in.

"Marnin'," he bellowed. "Say, John, I come over t' find eff y' ain't willin' t' devide even. Mabbe after thinkin' et over——"

John stirred his coffee nervously and answered without looking up, "I don't cal'late t' go t' Pond Island fer nawthin'."

"Y' don't, why——"

"John went over last night an' it's hanted," broke in Martha. "He seen a ghost."

"Git out!—y' didn't?"

"Yep, I did," and John told his new story in the latest revised edition. Ed Green sat opposite him, drinking in every word, nodding wisely and sympathetically at the most grewsome details, and when the speaker had finished he leaned back in his chair.

"Wal, I'll be durned!" he ejaculated, and

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then he added eagerly, "John, et bears out jest what Injun Bessie said thet y' couldn't find et alone. Now, eff me and y' was t' go over t'gether——"

John shook his head. "I ain't goin' t' set foot on Pond Island again."

Ed threw back his head and roared with laughter, "Why, y' pore sculpin, et was me."

John shook his head incredulously, "Nope," he said, "'tweren't ye."

"'Twas too. I cal'lated t' slip over an' find the gold fer myself, an' when I landed I seen your light, an' I started t' spy on ye. Then I thinks y' might find the chest some time when I weren't thar t' watch ye, so I scared y' 'off. Y' sartinly was scared," and he chuckled at the memory of the lanky figure fleeing across the island.

"Nope," said John stoutly, "I ain't goin' t' Pond Island no more," and he added, a new resolution ringing in his voice, "I ain't goin' t' hunt fer no more pirate gold nowhere."

Tainted Money

CAP'N HARLOW felt very conspicuous as he held the bridle of the docile, black Nellie, standing patiently in the gate of the cemetery, and he wished that his women-folks would hurry up and come along. He knew very well that the Skillings kinsmen and friends, solemnly collecting in a little group just inside the gate, looked at him askance. The Cap'n turned his back squarely on them, but, though his eyes roved over the familiar cluster of neighboring islands whose grey rocks and dark pines stood out so boldly in the spring sunlight against the blue waters of Casco Bay, he could picture their glances in his direction, their sly nudges, their knowing nods.

It had been a splendid burying. Although for twenty years they had been bitter enemies, even Cap'n Harlow could not but acknowledge that Norman Skillings had been

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laid to rest in proper style. Every Skillings and every Skillings supporter on the Island was at the funeral of their leader, and the Cap'n was there all alone in the midst of the enemy. He had not a friend or a follower, except Ma and Joanna, and the way they were hobnobbing with the Skillingses, he began to doubt their loyalty. His wife's mother's mother, he rememberd, had been Eunice Skillings, and Joanna—well, since Joanna had fallen in love with young Norman Skillings he had good reason to know that her loyalty was not to be counted on. Yet it was partly because of his daughter's Skillings lover that he had come to the funeral.

Someone in the group inside the gate snickered, and the Cap'n thought suddenly that his motives might be misunderstood—that the Island would think his women folks had brought him against his will. The Island would think nothing of the kind, for the old sea captain had a reputation as a tight-fisted, hard-headed martinet who ruled his gentle little household as he had ruled his rough crews with a short temper and a strong will. He heard the snicker again.

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His fist closed instinctively, and he muttered something about "smashing a couple of fool heads." A hand was laid on his shoulder, and he wheeled around so quickly he almost threw the Rev. Mr. Brigham off his feet. He touched the edge of his hat, sailor fashion, apologetically

"I am glad, very glad indeed, Captain, that you came to-day." Cap'n Harlow growled something in his great, gray beard, but the pastor continued in his careful, wavering voice. "I consider it a very brave thing you've done, a very brave thing. 'He that overcometh himself'——" and Mr. Brigham smiled professionally. He was not very tactful, but he meant well. "I am proud of you, Captain, and proud to have helped you in your spiritual battles." He wrung the astonished sailor's hand.

Had Mr. Brigham known the diverse mental processes by which Cap'n Harlow had reached his decision to attend the funeral of his old enemy he would not have felt so proud, but he not unnaturally took most of the credit unto himself. The bitter dissension that rent his little flock in twain was a sore trial to the good man. The cause of the feud was a purely academic question

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touching the literary methods of Harriet Beecher Stowe, but its results were banefully practical. Mr. Brigham often wished that a less vivid pen had written "The Pearl of Orr's Island", or, at least, that Mrs. Stowe had chosen another setting for her story of the Maine coast. There was, however, no mistaking the setting, and out of this the feud that divided Orr's Island had grown. Before summer visitors began coming to Casco Bay, it was a matter of family pride on Orr's Island not to have been used as a model for a character in "The Pearl". The Harlows were proudest of all of having been too responsible people with whom to take literary liberties. After the summer people came, it was a matter of financial benefit to be able to claim connection with characters or scenes in the book. The Skillingses, owners of the cove where the Pearl was washed ashore after the wreck, profited most by their literary relics.

The sudden death from apoplexy of Norman Skillings seemed to Mr. Brigham an opportunity for peace not to be neglected, and he went to the Cap'n, the leader of the Harlows, to try to persuade him to come to the funeral. While the Cap'n sat, silent and

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skeptical, in his uptilted chair on the verandah of his little house above the steamboat wharf, Mr. Brigham pleaded eloquently for brotherly love, but he left without receiving much satisfaction from the old sailor. After his pastor had gone, however, Cap'n Harlow thought over what he had said. He had had no idea that the Skillingses had made as much as three hundred dollars a season for charging admissions to see the Smuggler's Cave: as Mr. Brigham said, there was no use in carrying the fight beyond the grave: his father had been an old humbug, but there was nothing against young Norman: he would go to the burying just to show he didn't care what they thought of him.

Knowing nothing of this line of the Cap'n's reasoning, Mr. Brigham, when he found him waiting after the funeral at the cemetery gate, decided to still further improve the pacific opportunity. "It's too bad," he began hesitatingly, after a few nervous generalities about the prospect for summer boarders, "about—er, about Norman Skillings' death, isn't it?"

"'Tain't a great loss, as I see et," snapped the Cap'n.

Mr. Brigham cleared his throat. This

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was certainly an inauspicious beginning. "Well, now—er, I wouldn't say that. He was a—um, a respected member of the Church."

"A respected old humbug," cut in Cap'n Harlow.

There was an awkward pause during which the Cap'n tugged at the unaccustomed stiff collar around his stout neck and the minister sent up a prayer for guidance.

"I'm surprised to hear you speak so," the pastor said at length, "very much surprised, and grieved. I was in hopes that—er, that what I had said the other day to you had induced you to forget and forgive." The Cap'n merely grunted, and Mr. Brigham went on. "And I must say, Cap'n, that it seems to me merely vindictive of you to—er, to carry on your quarrel after Norman Skillings' death. Remember 'vengeance is mine, saith the Lord'!"

"'Tain't a quarrel; et's a matter of principle," the Cap'n returned stoutly. "I've allus held, Mr. Brigham, thet a woman who could write 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' wouldn't need to take no people she knew an' put 'em in 'The Pearl of Orr's Island'. She'd hev brains

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enough to make the hull thing up outer her head, wouldn't she?"

"It seems likely," agreed Mr. Brigham.

"Thar never was," continued the Cap'n positively, "no such real people as the Pearl, or Cap'n Kitt'ridge, or Aunt Ruey on Orr's Island, an' them 's claims they is characters in the book, or kin t' characters in et is fools, or worse!"

"Yes, yes," put in Mr. Brigham, "but it does seem it might be possible for us to hold different opinions as to how Mrs. Stowe wrote the book without going to the extremes that some of us have in the past. I remember, when I was at college, my roommate and I used to debate warmly on whether Shakespeare or Bacon wrote the plays, but we remained the best of friends."

"Your friend didn't claim to be the original of Hamlet, did he?" asked the Cap'n with a twinkle in his eye.

"Of course not—that would have been absurd."

"Thet's just my p'int," exclaimed the Cap'n triumphantly. "Now, ever since the summer folk's been comin' to the Island, Norman Skillings's been claiming he was the original of ——"



BUG LIGHT AND PORTLAND HARBOR



OLD FORT SCAMMEL

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"Yes, I know," interrupted Mr. Brigham hurriedly, "but he's dead now. Why not let by-gones be by-gones?" The Cap'n did not deign to reply and Mr. Brigham began on another line. "You have divided the whole Island into two warring camps."

"Yep," agreed the sailor, not without a touch of pride. "A'most everyone's in et."

"It's most unfortunate," mused Mr. Brigham guilefully, "that you and Norman Skillings, heads of the two most important families on the Island, should lead the fight. It's a grave responsibility, Captain, a very grave responsibility. Just look at the Church. You and the Skillings won't even sit on the same side of the aisle. Even the children won't be in the same Sunday School classes."

"Don't the Bible say children should honor their father and their mother even unto the third and fourth generation?"

Mr. Brigham resented having his favorite weapon in argument turned against him in this disconcerting fashion, and he replied somewhat testily, "To be sure, but it also says that a house divided against itself shall fall."

"'Pears to me," the Cap'n remarked,

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"thet's just why the children should go with their parents."

"But do consider the Church," the pastor broke out piteously. "It is divided against itself. You won't work together. Everything is getting behind. Why we even have to have two fairs and two strawberry festivals and two Sunday School picnics—one of each for you, and one for the Skillings."

"Why not?" the Cap'n asked innocently enough. He was beginning to enjoy this interview and he had forgotten Ma and Joanna talking with the Skillings in the cemetery.

"All you come to church for, I do believe, is to pick on what your minister says as an argument in your fight."

"We all have our trials, Mr. Brigham," Cap'n Harlow replied piously, but his blue eyes twinkled under his bushy brows

"Come, Captain," the pastor continued, "let us forget our past differences. They don't make any difference now, do they?"

"They don't!" The Cap'n's eyes flashed angrily again. "They don't? It's no difference to bamboozle the summer folks outer hundreds of dollars, charging ten cents to see the cove where the Pearl was washed

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ashore, when you know's well as me thar weren't never no such person as the Pearl to be washed ashore anywhere."

"I don't say that it makes no difference at all. In fact, in view of the—er, disputed authenticity of the sites for which admission is charged it has seemed to me a reprehensible practice, a very reprehensible practice, very indeed; but I do say, Captain, that from this time forward we should live in peace and brotherly love with our neighbors."

"I ain't met much brotherly love in my day. I believe in standing up for your rights and opinions."

"Quite right, too," the minister nodded, "but now old Norman Skillings is dead, I am sure we can persuade his son to give up charging admission to the Cove. He seems a reasonable young fellow."

The memory of the unreasonable spirit that love of this reasonable young fellow had engendered in his daughter, Joanna, was in the Cap'n's mind when he answered, "I ain't so sure of thet. He'd be a fool to give up three or four hundred dollars a summer, wouldn't he?"

"I've understood that young Norman and

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Joanna—er, that is, that Joanna has some influence over young Norman Skillings.”

“You’ve heard more’n I hev,” the Cap’n snapped.

“Well, well,” flustered Mr. Brigham, seeking peace, “even if he won’t give it up, I trust, Captain, that you will do the big, the magnanimous thing. I believe your coming here is a good omen, a sign, as it were, of a new spirit on the Island. You are a leader. You can do it, and, as I said at first, you have already done a brave thing, and I am proud to know you.”

He shook the Cap’n’s hand vigorously and walked off down the road. The Cap’n watched him stalk with dignity down the hill. Mr. Brigham’s congratulations threw a new light on his coming to the funeral. He wiggled his feet in his uncomfortable Sunday shoes, and meditatively combed his great beard. His former self-consciousness was submerged in a warm glow of self-satisfaction. When Ma and Joanna came up a few moments later, he was fairly bursting with magnanimity.

“Here,” he said as he helped his wife and daughter into the buggy, “you drive hum,

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I cal'late to walk down with some of the b'ys."

Ma picked up the reins unquestioningly. Had he announced that he was going to Chicago that evening—and the announcement would have been no more startling—she would have accepted it as law. Joanna, however, was her father's own daughter. She feared that it was one of the boys in particular that he wanted to see, and, especially at this time, she wanted to keep him and young Norman away from each other. "What," she asked, "are you going to do that for?"

"You and Ma," he replied in an excess of good humor, "seemed to find them Skillingses pretty good comp'ny, an' I just thought I'd enjoy a bit of their soci'ty." He reached over and gave Nellie's bony haunch a slap that sent her rattling down the hill at a pace wholly unbecoming to her age and the solemnity of the occasion.

The Cap'n squared his shoulders and turning, walked over to the group of Skillings' men just inside the cemetery gate. He went straight to Elmer Skillings, brother of his deceased enemy, and extending his hand,

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said, "Et was a bang-up burying. I'm glad I come."

The old man was suspicious. "We Skillingses," he croaked, "is noted fer bang-up buryings. Buryings and marryings we always do right," he added proudly.

"Be you cal'latin' to come to a Skillings marryin' soon?" one of the young men in the back of the crowd asked impudently. The implication was plain. The Cap'n's fist clenched and his face turned purple. Another of the youngsters spoke up. "Uncle Norman could afford a good buryin', an' they do say thet he's left everything to young Norman."

"I'll hev y'understand," bellowed Cap'n Harlow, "I come to this dash-blasted buryin' cause Mr. Brigham asked me, an'——"

"Thet's right," chirped up old Elmer, "he spoke to me too. Says 'tain't right not t'be neighborly. Don't mind the young 'uns. I'm glad y'come. You must come 'round when we erect the monument next month."

Partly mollified and much interested, for a tombstone is a matter of family pride and the Cap'n feared the Skillingses would try to outdo the monument he had erected to his brother, he asked, "Hev you ordered et yet?"

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"Yep—in Portland. A granite pillar, ten feet high with a urn and some drapery carved on top."

"Granite," sniffed the Cap'n, "'tain't as pretty as marble."

"More durable though," the old man defended.

One of the young men, smarting under the rebuff and longing to reopen hostilities, chimed in, "Yes, and thar's goin' t'be a grand inscription on et—all about him and the Pearl. The monument maker made et up. 'Here lies Norman Skillings, son of Elisha and Effie Ford Skillings, who served Harriet Beecher Stowe as the original of the character of——' "

This was too much. "What," roared Cap'n Harlow, "be you puttin' thet durned lie on his tombstone?"

"Durned lie!"

Two of the young men sprang at him. He threw them off. "Come on!" he shouted, "come on! I said durned lie, an' I meant et!"

At this moment his own nephew drove up on the grocery wagon. He sensed the situation at a glance and decided that in view of the odds discretion were the better part of

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valor. "Hello, Uncle John," he called, "be y' goin' hum? I'll give you a lift."

Cap'n Harlow waved at him over his shoulder. "Come on!" he said to the Skillings cohorts. "Come on, eff y'want to!" No one stirred. "You're a pack of cowards," he declared, and turning on his heel, he walked away.

All the way home he fussed and fumed, spluttering sea oaths at his unresisting nephew and calling down vengeance on his enemies. The rejection of his proffered truce fanned the flame of his ire, and it was cold comfort that not a single Skillings would fight, for in his heart he knew the young men had only respected his age and that they could have given him a terrible trouncing. At first, he blamed the pastor, but, as he neared home, his anger settled on Joanna. Had it not been for her Skillings lover he would never have gone to the burying. He thrumped into the house and out into the kitchen. Here Joanna was helping her mother with dinner. He laid down the law to her in no uncertain terms. "Jo," he ended, "eff I ketch you so much as lookin' at that young Skillings pup I'll spank you,

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spank you, y'understand, with my razor strop!"

When he heard of the encounter at the cemetery gate Mr. Brigham was most perturbed. His well-laid plan had again come to nought. It almost seemed a sore visitation from the Lord, but he stoutly determined to try once again, so he called a second time at the little white cottage above the steamship wharf. The Cap'n slammed the door in his face.

This blow, however, was softened for the pastor when, upon his return home, he found young Norman Skillings nervously perched on the edge of one of the horse-haired covered chairs in the pastorage parlor, waiting to see him. He was not a religious young man, less full of piety than of high animal spirits that led him into wild pranks, but in his trouble he turned naturally to the minister as the only neutral on the Island. Embarrassed, he shifted from foot to foot and his big hands kept slipping in and out of his trousers pockets. Mr. Brigham came to his rescue with a cheerful, "Did you want to see me about something, Norman?"

"Yes, sir. I—I want to ask your advice about—about—you know, Mr. Brigham, Jo-

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anna Harlow and me's keepin' comp'ny. Thet is we'd like to."

"But the Captain has forbidden it."

"Yes, sir, an'—an' what kin I do?" he blurted out.

"I'm glad you've come to see me, Norman, very glad. It shows a commendable spirit, and I think I can help you."

"Thank you, sir. Yes, sir. O, if you only can!"

"The bone of contention is the Cove which your father has exhibited to summer visitors. You know Captain Harlow thinks this wrong."

"Et's only because he's got no Cove t' show," protested the young man.

"I wouldn't say that. I have—er, had a number of talks with the Cap'n and he feels strongly, very strongly, and, I believe very sincerely on the subject. It has also, I must say, seemed to me—I am going to be frank with you, Norman,—that there are grounds for his feelings. I mean, there is a reasonable doubt whether the so-called Pearl of Orr's Island was a real girl, and whether the Cove you charge admission to is really—you get my point?"

"No, I don't," young Skillings returned

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bluntly. "I ain't sayin' there was or there wasn't a real Pearl, but the book describes the Cove to a T. You can read it yourself."

"I have, I have," Mr. Brigham nodded, "but nevertheless, while the description of the Cove is plain enough, still to say the girl was actually washed ashore there, and for your father to claim to be the original of——" the clergyman shook his head regretfully.

"Didn't Pop look just like the man in the book?" The young man was waxing belligerent.

"He did, he did; but we must remember that the book was written fifty years ago, when your father was only fifteen years old."

This was the Cap'n's crushing argument, and Norman was silent. He scratched his head embarrassed, and finally asked. "What would you think I'd best do?"

"Give up charging to see the Cove."

"But et brings in four hundred dollars a season. The Cove's worth more'n the *Scudder*."

"If you would give up charging admission to the Cove," said Mr. Brigham in his most persuasive tones, "I am sure that the Cap'n

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would be reconciled to your marrying Joanna. You have your fishing and your lobster pots; you have six acres of good land; you have your new motor boat to take summer parties out sailing. You are well off without the Cove."

A frown puckered Norman's forehead. "Wal," he drawled, "I'll think et over."

"It's the Cove or Joanna," were Mr. Brigham's parting words.

Norman did think it over, and he decided to follow his pastor's advice. He made his little announcement, as publicly as possible, to the little group of men that gathered about the horse shed after church Sunday morning. The news spread like wildfire. It overtook the Cap'n just as he was picking up the reins preparatory to driving off. His only comment was a very short, very sarcastic "Huh!" But he too, did some hard thinking nor did Joanna, even had he been of a mind to do so, allow him to forget the subject. Nevertheless the reconciliation Mr. Brigham had foretold did not materialize. In fact, curiously enough, the Cap'n's ire against Norman seemed to have risen. He changed his favorite epithet from "that

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young Skillings pup" to "thet durned fool Skillings pup."

Defying the razor strop, Joanna and Norman met frequently among the great sea rocks on the point where the lone cedar stands sentinel, and all these things were discussed in hushed whispers. Norman urged flight to Portland and a secret marriage; Joanna begged him to go to the pastor again and see what he would advise, and in the end Norman went again to the pastorage.

"He is a proud and stiff-necked man," said Mr. Brigham, after the case had been laid before him, "and it is hard for him to give in. I will pray to the Lord to soften his heart towards you, and you go to see him. Tell him why you are no longer going to charge admission to the Cove. Tell him you are through with the tainted money, and ask him boldly for Joanna's hand in marriage."

Mr. Brigham would hardly have followed his own advice, but whether Norman was more desperate or more courageous, he did go to see the Cap'n. He found him in his favorite up-tilted chair on the verandah. Cap'n Harlow saw him coming and his big voice boomed at him as his foot touched the

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steps. "Come in, Norman, come in. I'm glad t'see you." The surprise nearly toppled Norman down the steps. He had braced himself to prevent his being thrown out. The cordial reception took away his breath. He stammered out an incoherent greeting.

"Sit down, b'y, sit down," the Cap'n commanded. "I want t'hev a talk with you."

Norman sat down weakly on the porch railing. All the fine speeches he had planned out for this interview were worse than useless, but they kept bobbing up in his head, and he began, "I've come down t'see you, Cap'n, because I want t'hev a talk with you."

"Good," the old sailor thundered enthusiastically.

This further disconcerted Norman. His next speech, carefully planned to meet opposition would have been silly, but he finally managed to blurt out, "Y'know I've give up chargin' t'see the Cove, an' I want t'marry Joanna."

The Cap'n looked at him shrewdly from under his heavy eyebrows. "Not so fast," he said. "What made you give up chargin' fer the Cove?"

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Mr. Brigham's platitudes, which he had planned to use, again popped into Norman's head, and he replied, "I've been thinkin' et over an' seein' we can't be sure et is the identical Cove, et ain't right t'charge the summer folks t'see et. Seems like takin' money under false pretenses, an' I'm through with such tainted money."

"I couldn't see et myself, but they say the description of the Cove fits the book pretty well." The Cap'n spoke casually.

"Et's a'most stealin'," Norman continued.

"Not eff the summer folks don't kick. None of 'em ever kicked thet I heard of."

"Of course they didn't." Norman, freed of the incubus of his planned speeches, was himself again.

"How much did you say the Cove makes a season?" the Cap'n asked more casually than ever.

"Four hundred dollars on the average."

"'Pears like you'd hate t'give up such a good thing."

Norman shot a quick glance at the old sailor. "I do hate to," he replied slowly, "but—well, you don't like et, and Mr. Brigham said et was a case of the Cove or Joanna, an', wal, I'd rather hev Joanna."

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"Mr. Brigham don't know everything."

Again the young man glanced at the old sailor, and a bright glint began to shine in his sparkling eyes. "Seems," he said mischievously, "like he should know right and wrong, bein' a minister."

"Don't always hold," replied the Cap'n.

A little creak by the door caught Norman's attention. Joanna was standing inside the screen door. Norman glanced at the Cap'n, but he was sitting where he could not see the door and was deep in his thoughts. Joanna nodded encouragingly and Norman smiled back.

"Wal," spoke up Norman with a great show of decision, "I'm through with et." Joanna shook her brown curls vigorously, but he finished deliberately, "I don't want no tainted money."

"Tainted money!" the Cap'n's voice twanged sarcastically.

"That's what Mr. Brigham called et."

"Why," asked the old sailor shrewdly after a pause, "don't you let et out?"

Norman winked at Jo in the doorway and saw her white teeth flash a smile at him from the shadow of the hall. "I was think-



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LIGHTHOUSE TENDER, DIAMOND ISLAND

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in'," he drawled slowly, his eyes sparkling, "I might get a partner."

"Thet's a good idea," agreed the Cap'n, "then eff you didn't want t'do et yourself, you could let your partner run et for you."

"Yes, and then I could be free t'take the summer folks off sailing in the *Scudder*. Sorter ketchin' 'em comin' an' goin', isn't et?" he laughed.

Cap'n Harlow joined in the laugh. "Et is, et is," he agreed.

"But—" Norman's voice was tragic—"but who'd I get for a partner?"

"Thet shouldn't be so hard."

Norman did not dare to look at Jo now, for fear that he would burst out laughing, so he frowned and scratched his head, "I've got et," he exclaimed. "My cousin Ed Skillings."

"Ed Skillings!" the old man snorted. "Thet harum-scarum good-fer-nawthin'! He'd skin you outer most of the money. You want," he added confidentially, "an older man than Ed. Someone who can spin yarns t'the summer folks and sorter drum up trade."

"I cal'late you're right." Again Norman thought deeply for several minutes while

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the Cap'n fidgeted in his chair. "I suppose," Norman said slowly, "et would have t'be Uncle Elmer."

"He's too old," put in the Cap'n.

"He is pretty feeble, but——" Norman left the sentence unfinished. After a great while he turned to the Cap'n and said, "You know, Cap'n, eff you'd do et, you'd be the best partner I could get."

"Me?" the Cap'n protested.

"Yes, but I don't sup'ose, feelin' as you do, you'd want t'do et."

"I don't know," the Cap'n began slowly, "eff you an' Jo was married,——"

Norman sprang to his feet. "Can Jo an' me get married?" he cried.

"Not so fast, not so fast. I was sayin' eff Jo an' you was married. I don't know," he added smiling kindly at the young man, "as thar's any partic'lar reason agin et. Eff you want to."

"Eff we want to?"

Jo slipped out of the house and running to Norman threw her arms about his neck. "Dad," she cried, laughing happily, "don't it look as if we wanted to?"

The front feet of the Cap'n's chair thrumped down on the porch. "Huh," he

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growled, "you sorter took me off watch, you two; but I sup'ose et's all right."

"Of course, it's all right—now," Jo laughed.

"I sup'ose et is," the Cap'n agreed, tilting up his chair again, "but what about the Cove?"

"The Cove," exclaimed Norman, "why I'll give you the Cove eff you want et."

"No, that wouldn't do. Et would look a leetle queer, wouldn't et, t'hev you give me the Cove, but," he concluded confidentially, "we can go partners on et, can't we?"

They were interrupted by someone calling at the gate, "Hey, be Norman Skillings in thar?" It was Almon Doughty in his buggy, the only public conveyance on the Island. Norman stepped from behind the honey-suckle vines to the top of the steps. "Yes," he called back, "I'm here. What d'you want, Almon?"

In reply a gentleman hopped out of the buggy and opening the gate walked briskly up the path. Visitors to the Island a month before the season opened were a rare event. He was evidently a man who could afford to gratify his whims, but he must, as Norman whispered to his new partner, "be all fired

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interested in 'The Pearl of Orr's Island' to come out so early in the spring t'see the Cove." The Cap'n nodded. "Our first customer," he replied, "looks like we was goin' t'hev a good season."

Before Norman could reply the stranger was on the steps. He looked the young man over from top to toe and then extended his hand. "So this is young Norman Skillings, eh," he said pleasantly. "You don't look much like your father. You don't know me?" Norman shook his head and he continued. "I suppose not. I'm Mr. Reynolds, your father's lawyer."

A lawyer, his father's lawyer. Norman's heart thrumped. He stole a glance at Jo, who was looking at the visitor, and then at the Cap'n. He was frowning and combing his beard.

"I've been in Boston the past two weeks," Mr. Reynolds was saying, "and I've just gotten back and heard of your father's death, or I should have been out to see you before. I've been looking all over the Island for you. I must catch the last boat—"he glanced at his watch—"for I can't spend the night here, but I must see you on busi-

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ness." He looked inquiringly at Jo and Cap'n Harlow.

"This is Cap'n Harlow," said Norman nervously, "and—and this is Jo—we—we're to get married," he added desperately.

"Cap'n Harlow," the lawyer acknowledged the faulty introduction, "and, er—Miss Harlow, I suppose. I congratulate you—congratulate you all. Of course, under the circumstances I can speak before—" he paused.

"Yes." Norman's voice was faint.

"I've come out to see you about your father's will," and Mr. Reynolds began fishing in his pockets for that document.

Norman's worst fears were realized. "I—I didn't know he'd made a will."

The lawyer laughed. "Of course, he did. Everybody, who has anything to leave, makes a will. Ah, here it is. Of course, you're the only heir." Norman sighed with relief; the Cap'n gulped in a great breath of air. "He left you everything, everything except——" Mr. Reynolds was fussing with his glasses while his listeners had grown tense again with interest. The lawyer was running over the provisions of the will. "Left you everything: house, lot, five acres,

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fishing smack, \$6,845.63 and accrued interest in the Casco Bay Savings Bank, personal property, all my goods and chattels, etc. And then there's this codicil. It's a most remarkable bequest. He came to see me about it last fall, and I drew it up for him. 'Desiring to face my Maker with a clear conscience and being anxious that the feud between my family and that of Captain John Harlow——' " The lawyer stopped and looked over his glasses at the Cap'n. "Are you," he asked, "Captain John Harlow?" The Cap'n nodded and Mr. Reynolds turned to Norman, "And you are going to marry his daughter, this young lady?" Norman in turn nodded. "Um, very remarkable. So the feud's over. It makes a curious complication, doesn't it? But I congratulate you again. It's a very sensible thing. My late client would be very much pleased."

The Cap'n could hold in no longer. "What about the will?" he shouted.

"To be sure—I had forgotten. Why, I've only ten minutes to catch my boat. Let's see, where was I? O yes, 'between my family and that of Captain John Harlow, I hereby give and bequeath the inlet commonly known as the Smuggler's Cove and twenty-

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five feet of land, measured from mean high water to the First Church of Orr's Island; the income derived from exhibiting said Cove to be employed by the Pastor and Deacons of said Church in such way or ways as they may deem most fitting for the benefit of said Church and the Glory of God. Amen.' I've fixed up all the papers for the transfer of the property to the Church, but I must have your signature—here." He handed Norman an imposing legal paper and pressed a fountain pen in his hand.

"But——" protested Norman.

"It's all right—quite right. I drew them up myself. Just sign here, please."

And Norman signed the paper on the porch railing. In another minute the little lawyer was bustling down the garden walk, calling his excuses and his adieux over his shoulder.

The trio on the verandah watched Almon Doughty's buggy whirl out of sight, and then there was a long pause. Jo leaned against the railing, looking from her father to her lover, a smile struggling at the corners of her pretty mouth. Norman avoided her eyes, and glanced over at the Cap'n. The old sailor looked up at him and his

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weather beaten face broke into a smile. Norman grinned back at him sheepishly.

"I was just thinkin'," chuckled the Cap'n, "what Mr. Brigham's goin' t'do with all that tainted money."

The Cruise of the Souse

NO man ever accused the *Souse* of being an ideal cruiser. The weather-beaten old lobster-fisherman summed up popular opinion of her when he leaned over the wharf at Cliff Island and croaked, "Y'ain't got much of a 'baut, hev ye?" adding with a cackle, "I don't cal'late we'll never hear a lisp 'bout ye eff y'run into a blow off Small Point."

Only sixteen feet over all and with a cockpit but twelve feet long, the *Souse* was far from a palatial craft. Her little single-cylinder engine suffered alternately from asthma and hiccoughs. At best—that is when no eel-grass fouled her propeller—she could make seven or eight miles an hour. Her very name had been bestowed upon her, not because of any bibulous habits of her owner, but in graceful recognition of her own habit of thoroughly wetting her guests with spray

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in any but the smoothest of smooth water. All in all, she was hardly the boat that a conservative or comfort-loving creature would pick out for a pleasure cruise among the jagged islands of the iron-bound coast of Maine. However, like the horse trader's decrepit, flea-bitten gray mare, "she had her good points". Her humble eight-miles-an-hour, since we were in no hurry, was fast enough. Moreover, we knew that provided we did not lead her into too great temptation—and we had no intention whatever of rounding Cape Small Point or even skirting, save in very fair weather, any of the outer islands—that she would behave very properly. As for her delicious insecurity and provoking uncertainty, they but added a fillip of excitement, that "sprightly infusion of Chance" which Charles Lamb always insisted was a necessary part of every good game and worthy sport.

Ours was altogether a strange, hybrid expedition; neither a cruise down the Maine coast nor a camping trip on the wild outer islands of Casco Bay, though partaking of the nature of each.

We seemed an ill-assorted pair. The Woodser was clad in flannel and khaki,

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crowned with a battered felt hat. He invariably called a frying pan a "skillet". The Sailor wore duck clothes and a little white hat with an abruptly upturned brim, and it was a fine point of honor with him to speak of the above-mentioned, most important cooking instrument as a "spider". Afloat, the Sailor, the owner of the *Souse*, was the skipper, and in his landlubberly way the Woodser took and obeyed orders. Ashore, the Woodser became chief, and the Sailor, transformed into chore-boy, must cut wood and wash dishes. Nevertheless, although the Woodser could never tell port from sta'b'rd without facing fo'ard and counting up, still he at least did not get seasick; and the Sailor, though he rolled and unrolled his blankets twenty times a night, was an adept at tent-pitching and fire-building. We divided honors and labors, and our deep love of the great outdoors, a bond stronger than anchor-rope or pack-strap, bound us together.

In the orthodox manner we planned an early start; in the usual manner we did not get under way till the sun was high in the heavens. A certain disreputable little hatchet, affectionately christened "Sad Axe,"

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lost itself. A fat jug of maple syrup upturned itself and had to be refilled. Our whole cargo, much to the delight of our appreciative audience, fishermen and summer folk from the Aucocisco House, had to be moved to fill the gasoline tanks. At last, after sundry shiftings of our bulky ballast and with no end of capital, gratuitous advice from our spectators, we shoved off.

Putting the sharp nose of the *Souse* straight into the wind, we chugged away, bound for the head of Casco Bay, twenty miles to the northeast. The brisk wind whipped the crest of each wave. Our tiny boat plunged and bucked like a bronco. The salt spray came flinging over our bows. The Woodser, pulling his felt hat down over his eyes, buttoned his canvas hunting coat close up under his chin, and the Sailor slipped into his oilskins. We lighted our pipes and then with one accord struck up a rollicking ballad. As we lay stretched out in the little cockpit, the briny wind whistling a fit accompaniment to our roaring song, we ceased to be sober, civilized men. "The dull cares of tame, common life" slipped away from us. We were as free as the little her-

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ring gull that skimmed over the sparkling white caps.

A deep-throated "who-o-o-o-o! who-o-o-o-o!" aft of us brought the sixty-second stanza of our ditty to an abrupt close. The slatey Government tug from Fort McKinley, her polished brass flashing in the sun, her red mouthed ventilators gaping at us like great danger signals, was ploughing along in our wake. From the giant dreadnoughts to the low-waisted lighthouse tenders, Uncle Sam's ships possess the ability to kick up a big rumpus in the water, and as we had not the least desire to wallow in the tug's rolling swell, we put the wheel hard down and steered a course just off the shoals of Ministerial Island. Here the tug could not follow us, and we headed straight for the rocky cliffs of Admiral Peary's Eagle Island. Saluting the discoverer of the Pole with hats and horn, we crawled in behind Mark Island, with its solid pyramid of white-washed stone that warns the smacks of the fishing fleet of the crooked channel that leads to the inner bay. Carefully we worked through the narrow Jaquish Cut, named after the Captain Richard Jaquish, who during the French and Indian War led the

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sturdy islanders from Casco Bay in the expedition against Louisburg.

Along the outer shore of Bailey's Island we slipped, and between Orr's Island and Ram Island, just off Lowell's Cove, our engine died ignobly. The Sailor tightened bolts and turned screws, and, after a deal of priming and cranking, grumbling and grunting, the engine gave a couple of little hacking coughs and then spluttered off again at a merry rate.

The wind had died down completely, and we slipped quietly in between the long arms of Sebascodegan Island that make the beautiful Quohog Bay. These long, twin points of the great island are rounded and wooded with birch, maple, and oak, very different from the rocky, pine-crowned outer islands we had been among all morning. The wide sweep of blue water was peaceful and calm. All dotted with little round islands and flanked by the steep, green banks, it seemed curiously like the estuary of some mighty river. Above us, blue as turquoise and bright as a sapphire, stretched the wonderful summer sky of Maine, a sky without the deep brilliancy of the Mediterranean nor the chilly hardness of the Baltic, but, as it

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has been well called in Casco Bay, a "true heavenly blue."

We crept along under the steep sides of Great Yarmouth Island and wormed our way up the twisted passage that leads to Hen Cove. Here the Artist in his pearly *Erminie* met us and led us between ragged rocks on one side and soft mud-bar on the other into a little inlet of Great Hen Island.

"There you are," he called, pointing to a grassy knoll at the head of the little cove, "there's a dandy camping place. I'll see you later," and he swung around and chugged off.

"Hey!" we shouted after him, "come back to supper."

"All right, thanks. Can I bring the Critic?"

"Surelee! About six o'clock."

"Right you are!"

He disappeared around the point, and as we paid out the anchor-rope we could hear the put-put-put of his motor getting fainter and fainter as he hurried over to Oakhurst Island.

We loaded the punt to the gun'ales and went ashore. Then, while the Sailor made two more trips out to the *Souse* after our

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duffle, the Woodser carried our stuff in instalments to the crest of the little hill. After our goods and chattels were all piled in a disorderly heap on the hilltop, we drew long breaths and surveyed the ground. The Artist was quite right. Here was indeed a "dandy camping place."

The little hillock, covered with fine grass, was flattened on top. It rose in the centre of a natural triangle, the head of the cove forming the base and a V-like notch in the pine woods, the two sides. High and dry should it rain, yet cosily sheltered by the pines from the wind on the north, south and east; close to the water where was a safe mooring for the *Souse* and with a bountiful supply of good firewood—what more could either Woodser or Sailor ask? We set to work to make camp.

After the tent was pitched, while the Sailor made blankets, and clothes, and provisions shipshape, the Woodser, since this was to be headquarters for ten days, built a stove in the clay bank just above high water mark. We were just comfortably settled when the *Erminie*, the Artist and the Critic aboard, slid into our little cove. Our guests inspected our quarters; the Artist enthusi-



"CAP'N KITTERIDGE HOUSE," ORR'S ISLAND



OLD COMBS HOUSE, QUOHOG BAY

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astic and envious, the Critic, from force of habit probably, skeptically polite.

"How about supper?" the Sailor suggested.

"Bacon and eggs, flapjacks and coffee." The Artist counted them off on his fingers, smacking his lips and rubbing his tummy.

"How about beans?" put in the Critic, "I always thought beans were a necessary part of the rough, simple fare of the backwoodsman."

"Not for supper. Don't display your pathetic ignorance," corrected the Artist, who delights especially to discover something that the Critic does not know.

"Huh!" grunted the Critic, "I have always associated bacon and eggs with breakfast, but, of course, just as you say."

"Here you," called the Woodser from the fire by the shore, "stop your squabbling and come and eat. You're both wrong."

We picked out natural arm chairs among the rocks, upholstering them with coats and sweaters, and the Sailor served the first course, a rich, savory clam chowder.

"Come now," protested the Critic, "this isn't fair. We came over here to a regular camper's supper. I believe in the fitness of

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things, and clam chowder in camp—why it's like ordering truffles at Child's or an egg sandwich at the Ritz!"

"That mud-bank there," said the Sailor, pointing to the edge of the cove at our feet, "is literally stuffed with clams. The proper use of such a Heaven-sent gift is undoubtedly the making of clam chowder, and the Woodser has certainly made it right."

"May I have a second helping?" asked the Artist.

"The proof of the Chowder——" laughed the Woodser.

Afterwards we had frankfurters and French fried potatoes, baking powder biscuits and coffee, and by special request a small batch of pan cakes. But when we reached dessert, sliced pineapple, even the Artist rebelled.

"This is an insult," he declared.

He managed, however, very gracefully to swallow the insult. They were not hardened campers, these guests of ours, or they would have known that out of a tin can may come many things besides beans—even to sliced pineapple. Why the tenderfoot should be so everlastingly keen for "the rough simple fare of the backwoodsman," beans, pan

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cakes, and coffee, is more than the backwoodsman himself can fathom. The true test of the experienced camper comes at mealtimes. If everything comes out of the frying pan, you may be sure that he is an amateur. Now, of course, there is nothing in the world to be said against beans, and many the steaming heap of them have we all polished off a tin plate. As for flapjacks, both the Woodser and the Sailor have with such gusto eaten so many of them at one sitting so many times that like the Walrus and the Carpenter and their poor little Oysters, we are almost choked with sobs when the telltale holes proclaim that Flappy is ready to turn and will soon be ready to eat. But when the good ship *Souse* will carry your pack on a cruising-camping trip, by all means let her do it, and have fresh fruit and cereal for breakfast and cucumber salad and cheese for dinner.

By the time supper things were cleared away, the sun had set, and as we stretched out on the grass and lighted our pipes, the little stars began to twinkle overhead. The Artist threw a log on the open fire we had built for companionship's sake and as he settled himself again asked, "Do you remem-

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ber passing the Cedar Ledges this morning?"

"About half a mile south of the Oak Island buoy," answered the Sailor who knows the chart of the Bay as a priest knows his breviary, "and a right nasty place in any tide."

"Did you know," continued the Artist, "that about fifty years ago one John Wilson of Bailey's Island found an old, rusty iron kettle with twelve thousand dollars of Spanish gold in a hole on those ledges?"

"The smugglers must have sold him an extra quality of Jamaica rum," laughed the Critic who affects not to believe any story of treasure trove.

The Artist, however, had had the story direct from John Wilson's own son and he had thrust his own hand into the very hole whence the pot of gold had been lifted, so he was not to be easily discouraged. He told how the hard-drinking, ne'er-do-well fisherman had suddenly blossomed out as the owner of a full-rigged sloop, purchased in Boston, and how, after acquiring several farms, he had died full of years and local honors, one of the richest and most respected men in the Bay. Little by little the strange story of his sudden wealth had leaked out.

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One winter day, when out duck shooting on the Cedar Ledges, his foot had slipped into a hole from the bottom of which he had drawn the old kettle with its rich store.

After this we all swapped pirate yarns.

The Woodser told of the rakish brig flying the Jolly Roger that, hard pressed by a Spanish frigate, had run into the Bay and hidden a part of her ill-gotten cargo of gold and jewels on Ragged Island. Then the Sailor told the grewsome history of the smuggler Keiff. This worthy waxed rich off the salvage he collected from the ships that he had purposely wrecked by displaying false lights at the Crotch on Cliff Island. The islanders are at great pains to point out his own private graveyard, a pretty grassy meadow, where his innocent victims are said to sleep their last, long sleep. Even the Critic fell under the witching spell of the flickering flames of the campfire and related the adventures of the credulous Sylvester of Orr's Island who, upon the recommendations of a jabbering, half-witted Indian squaw, popularly accredited with an unholy alliance with the Evil One himself, dug all over Pond Island in a fruitless treasure search.

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It was ten o'clock by the time our guests departed and we turned in. We slipped off our shoes and outer clothes, fastened back the tent flap, rolled up in our blankets, and lay watching the clouds trail across the moonlit sky. A pair of big, grey herons, disturbed by the *Erminie's* noisy departure, swung a couple of times around the cove before again settling themselves in the pines on the point. Some crows in the grove behind us complained harshly of the unusual disturbance. They continued to mutter hoarsely for some time, but finally quieted down, and, save for the whispering of the wind through the pines and the lispings of the little waves against the shore, all was still. To this gentle lullaby we soon fell asleep.

Two or three times during the night I awoke and sat up to see whether in the falling tide the *Souse* was riding on the rocks. More than once I heard my companion turn over. The man who can truthfully say that he has slept soundly the first night in the woods does not live. The second night—oh yes! he can sleep like a top, or the dead, or a baby, or anything else he fancies. But the first night in the open, the sleepy twitterings

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of the birds, the wash of the turning tide, the deep breathing of the night wind; all these little noises of the great woods tickle an ear dead to the clanging of the street car, the rumble of the elevated train, the staccato explosions of the open cut-out. Our softened, civilized bodies find Mother Nature's lap hard and bumpy.

Next morning the Sailor, who had found his bed particularly hard, investigated our grassy knoll and discovered that we were camping upon a huge mound of old clam shells. Before the first white explorers coasted among the islands of Casco Bay, the Penobscot Indians, when the snow and ice had gone, forsook their winter quarters in the deep forests of the mainland. They spent the summer among the islands of the Bay, setting an example it has taken us, their pale-faced successors, two centuries to learn to follow. The braves fished and hunted porpoise, whales and seal for oil and hides. The women and children dug clams and dried them in the sun for winter use. What a great store of provisions that little hill of ours, rising fully twenty feet, must have represented!

It was a glorious day, our second day in

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camp, and we had six glorious days, one after another. We fished for flounders in the cove and for rock cod in the deep seas. We loafed in the warm sun and read or wrote in the shadows of our pines. Each day at high tide we plunged into the sea off the rocky point. On neighboring islands we interviewed oldest inhabitants, fishermen and summer visitors, ministers and schoolmasters, filling two fat note books with facts and fables about Casco Bay. We explored little uninhabited islands, Ram, Rogue, Jenny, and George's, upon which still grazed flocks of sheep, relics of the old days when on every island wool growing supplemented fishing in the economics of the islanders. The Woodser crossed over the Neck and in a lobster-fisherman's boat went up the New Meadows River to Bath. The Sailor, one day, took the boat at Cundy's Harbor and crossed the whole length of the Bay to Portland. We ate three tremendous meals every day, and each night we slept soundly on the cool earth under the pine trees.

Then the rain came, and it rained, a steady, soaking rain for four days and four nights. We stuck close to our tent. Sitting cross-legged, like Turks, on heaps of blan-



SHEEP GRAZING, GEORGE'S ISLAND



SEAWEED FERTILIZER, CHEBEAGUE ISLAND

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kets we played rum and twenty-one and cribbage. We read everything we had with us and wrote till our fingers ached. We cooked under the tent flap, and since the wind remained perversely in the wrong direction, we were nearly smoked out thrice a day. Our clothes and our blankets became damper and still more damp. We manufactured ingenious braziers out of old tomato cans, for charcoal fires that were so hot they melted the soldering. To keep up his spirits, the Sailor composed a great musical epic of our argosy. There were thirty odd stanzas, all to the tune of Mister Dooley, an air that, whatever else may be said about it, certainly lends itself admirably to parody. Fortunately our shell heap had splendid natural drainage, and the maker of our tent was a skillful and an honest man, so we did not get wet. It was irksome being penned up, but, though we did cuss at the rain, we did not get ground to that fine edge when campers cuss each other.

When Sunday came, the day we must return home, it cleared off beautifully. The sun rose out of a sparkling sea. A fresh wind dried out our belongings in a half hour. The birds, so long silent, sang to us

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joyfully as if begging us to stay. Reluctantly we packed up, and still cussing the weather, we sailed back to Cliff Island. Unshaven and unshorn, tanned and stouter, stronger physically and sounder mentally, we climbed up the slippery steps of the wharf.

Our skeptical advisers of ten days before gave us a right royal welcome, and the pessimistic lobster-fisherman went to the extreme of "cal'latin' thet, eff y'hed nuthin' better t' do, et'ud be a prutty good way t'do nuthin'."

The Story of Casco Bay

"Westward of this river is the Countrie of Aucocisco, in the Bottome of a large, deep Bay, full of many great Isles, which divide it into many good Harbours."

A Description of New-England (1616)

I

The Land of Aucocisco

ONE sparkling July morning in the year of our Lord 1603, the good ship *Speedwell*, Captain Martin Pring commanding, worked her way cautiously around the rocky shoals of Cape Small Point and dropped anchor off Sebascodegan Island in the mouth of the New Meadows River. After the rolling breakers and ragged reefs, the wooded point of the island and the steep shores of the mainland made a safe and pleasant haven, and the stout hearts of the little English crew were lighter now the passage down the iron-bound coast from the Penobscot had been safely made.

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No thoughts of a Northwest Passage; no dream of an El Dorado; no plans for a mighty New World empire led the *Speedwell* into the quiet waters of Casco Bay. "Fish, sassafras, and fame," brought Captain Martin Pring to Maine. Chance and miscalculations made him the discoverer of Casco Bay.

The year before, after spending the summer 'round about Kittery, Bartholomew Gosnold, an adventurous sailor with a keen instinct for trade, had returned to England. His strange stories and his rich cargo of fish and furs fired the imaginations and roused the cupidity of the shrewd merchants of Bristol. Mayor John Whitson called a meeting, and Master Richard Hackiute, the famous geographer from London, addressed the stolid aldermen and substantial tradesmen. His enthusiasm carried over the timid ones; his array of facts convinced the doubting Thomases. They all joined him and the Mayor in chartering the *Speedwell* for a trading voyage to the New World.

Captain Martin Pring was recommended to them as a good mariner and an honest agent. Fearful for their capital, yet itch-

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ing to get the enormous profits should the tiny ship return safely, they drove a close bargain with Captain Pring; and he, easy-going sailorman that he was, counted the adventure and possible fame as part payment, and accepted the commission. Gosnold had brought back some sassafras, and, since the price of this important ingredient of all proper spring tonics was soaring, her owners made it a part of their agreement with her commander that the *Speedwell* should return laden with the fragrant medicinal bark. Martin Pring fulfilled this part of his contract faithfully. He brought back a fine cargo of sassafras and threw in his discoveries for good measure. He must have been a straightforward, likable man. His own lieutenant—and many a man is no hero to his lieutenant—calls him “an understanding gentleman and sufficient mariner,” adding he will say no more lest he be accused of flattery.

Such a captain had no difficulty in enrolling a good crew, and early in the spring, amid the greedy good wishes of the owners and the blessings and prayers of many a sweetheart and wife, the little *Speedwell* sailed from Bristol for America.

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One of Gosnold's crew was aboard, but the winds were contrary or the pilot untrustworthy for they made land near the mouth of the Penobscot, far north of Kittery.

But what matter such a detail! The Penobscot Indians had many rich furs to exchange for trifling trinkets. The sea swarmed with cod, mackerel, and halibut. Sassafras was fairly plentiful. As they swindled each tribe out of their store of hides, they worked southward, and it was the middle of summer when they rounded Cape Small Point and entered Casco Bay. Here was a safe harbor, and here too, were great quantities of sassafras. Here, therefore, Pring decided to make his headquarters. In small boats the English visited the summer encampments of the Indians on the various Casco Islands, always bartering and always hunting sassafras. When the *Speedwell's* hold was full, they turned her prow eastward, and sailed home to England.

Before this time other vessels had coasted from Cape Elizabeth to Cape Small Point, but the *Speedwell* was the first to turn into Casco Bay. Without chart and soundings it is a risky business to hug close to

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so rocky a coast. No "sufficient mariner" would of mere curiosity nose about among the maze of ragged islands, and, had it not been for sassafras, Captain Pring would never have exposed the *Speedwell's* oak ribs to a cracking against the reefs and ledges. "But orders is orders," so, having learned from the natives that there was a great stock of the bark in this big bay, he carefully picked his way through the winding channel and anchored in the still water.

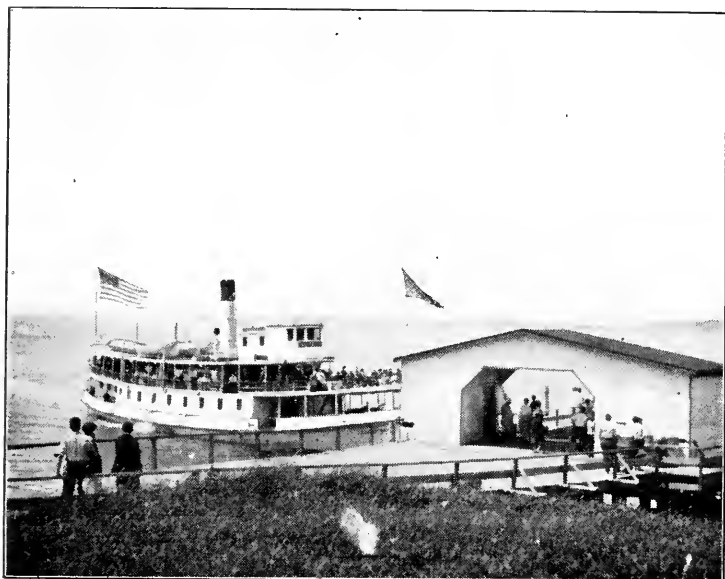
In Casco Bay, the English first met the Abenaki Indians, who then held the best part of Maine. Their welcome to the strange white beings in the gigantic, winged canoe differed in no way from the greetings of the natives all along the coast. They were first terrified by the strange white men, of whom they had heard rumors. Curiosity, however, got the better of superstition, and they made friendly advances. They brought gifts, fish and venison, corn and wild grapes. Eagerly they exchanged pelts of mink, otter, bear, and seal for trumpery trinkets.

Nor in the years to come did the Abenaki fare differently at the hands of the whites than other tribes. Their freely given con-

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fidence was shamefully abused by the English and assiduously cultivated by the French. The English crushed them; the French coaxed them, and these opposite policies produced in the Abenaki the same bitter enmity against the English and the same eager friendship towards the French that they did in other tribes. It is the same, familiar story—the rivalry of the Europeans made more deadly by the partisanship of the aborigines—and to the fierce struggle for control were added, in the land of Aucocisco as elsewhere, all the horrors of savage butcheries.

When the English came to Maine, the Abenaki, protected by the White Mountains from the aggressive Iroquois who kept their southern and western neighbors in semi-subjugation, had waxed strong. Their villages, encircled by tilled fields, were substantial towns compared with the shifting encampments of surrounding nations. Their tribal organization and social customs were fixed. Among themselves and with their neighbors, they carried on a considerable trade. Their religion was more than a blind fear of the elements; in their quill embroidery and crude paintings



THE WHARF, CLIFF ISLAND



THE AUCOCISCO, CLIFF ISLAND

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they expressed a simple but sincere art; they knew something of the stars and had picked out the more prominent constellations, calling the *Ursa Major* by their own words for Great Bear. They had reached a civilization above that yet attained by their neighbors.

Four great tribes of the Abenaki held the country about Casco Bay. Along the Saco River, southwest of the bay, were the Sokokis. To the northwest, in the Kennebec Valley, lived the Canabis. To the east, between Small Point and the St. George River, was the home of the Wawenocks. The land of Aucocisco, Casco Bay and the great valley of the Androscoggin, was the territory of the Anasagunticooks, who, since they also included the Pejepscots at the head of the Bay, were the strongest of the allied tribes. During the winter, the four tribes kept each within the limits of their own territory. Every summer, however, three of them met in Casco Bay.

Every June the Canabis from the Kennebec and the Anasagunticooks from the Androscoggin joined the Pejepscots in the New Meadows River. Here the long procession of their canoes strung along

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through the Middle Ground, on between Coombs and Bombazine Islands, 'round Doughty's Cove, over the Long Reach, and then across Harpswell Cove. At the foot of Harpswell Neck the canoes were beached, the motley throng disembarked, and the braves, their birch canoes on their shoulders, followed by the drudging squaws lugging the household goods, set off over what is still called "the old carrying-place." In the Middle Bay they embarked again and camped finally on Mair Point Neck. Here they were joined by their kinsmen the Wawenocks from Small Point. They had come to the *rendezvous* by hugging close to the long arms of Sebascodegan Island, gliding through the swift rushing tides of the Gurnet, crossing Harpswell Sound, and carrying across Harpswell Neck where it is narrowed by the opposite dents of Widgeon and Wilson's Coves. On Mair Point the Abenakis held a great family reunion. There were feasts and sports, songs and dancing. The warriors boasted of their winter hunting, or blamed the evil spirits for their bad luck. The braves staked their hides on games of skill and chance, and sometimes found a

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little time for brief love-making. The women, as they cooked banquets, exchanged confidences and retailed choice bits of tribal gossip. The boys and girls, a noisy, boisterous mob, accompanied by snarling, mangey dogs, roamed the woods or scrambled over the rocks of the shore. After a week of resting and jollification, the assembled throngs broke up into little family groups and scattered among the many islands of the bay.

There was a serious side to these early vacation trips among the Casco Islands. Every day the men went off hunting and fishing, but not for sport's sake. The women too, though they stayed in the island encampments, had no time to loll on the fragrant carpets of the cool pine groves, and even the children must forgo play for work. All toiled in fearful anticipation of the long, hungry winter. The men brought back whales, seals, and porpoises. The women refined the whale oil; dressed the seal skins; and hacked the tough porpoise hides into thongs for snowshoes and soles for moccasins. The children dug clams and dried them in the sun. Their little brown hands erected strange monu-

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ments. On most of the Casco Islands great heaps of clam shells, crumbled almost to dust now and covered with grasses and shrubs, still mark the sites of old Indian summer camps. On Little Chebeague Island, near the boat landing, is a monstrous, big heap, and every summer visitor to Bailey's and Orr's Islands knows the twin heaps on the banks of Will's Strait. The big fat, Quohog clams were great favorites, and the shores of Quohog Bay are fairly lined with old shell heaps.

Before the summer was fairly over, the wigwams on the islands came down. The canoes were loaded with hides, oil, dried fish and sun cured clams. Again Mair Point was the *rendezvous*, and there, before returning to the inland villages, where the old men and other women had been patiently tending the corn crop, the Harvest Home was celebrated. By the time the shivering blasts of the equinoctial storms whipped the foam-tipped waves across the bay, the Abenakis were safe in their winter villages, snug in the deep pine forests of the mainland.

Such people were the Abenakis and this was their life when the *Speedwell's* com-

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pany met them that summer of 1603 in Casco Bay. Long after the coming of the English they continued these summer migrations. Barter with the white men was added to the program, but little else was changed.

Captain Pring was fairly the discoverer of the land of Aucocisco, but his visit, other than calling attention to the country by his splendid cargo of sassafras, had no direct results. At the very time his boats were plying among the islands of Casco Bay, however, in far off France a document that was destined to have an important part in the story of Aucocisco was being signed and sealed by men who did not know such a country existed. This was Henri IV's patent granting to his well beloved lord, Pierre de Monts, all land in New France between the fortieth and forty-sixth parallels north latitude, which includes all of Nova Scotia and most of New England. The ambitious and energetic de Monts determined that his was to be no empty title, but the settlement he personally founded at St. Croix Island, in the mouth of the Passamaquoddy was literally frozen out. After a shivering, starving

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season, the leader scurried back to France. Madame de Guerchville, a devout and high-minded lady, bought out de Monts' interest, and a few years later, inspired to convert all the Indians to the Roman Catholic religion, zealously established a colony at Mt. Desert, which she called St. Sauveur.

Trading ships had brought back to England a report of the embryonic French colony at Passamaquoddy. While de Monts and his hungry comrades were freezing on St. Croix Island, a party of English gentlemen met in the snug dining room of Thomas Arundel, Baron of Warden, and over the best of port and dry biscuits angrily plotted their destruction. After a deal of patriotic talk, they made up a purse, chartered and fitted out the *Archangel*, and engaged Captain John Weymouth as master. Since there was nominal peace with France, they gave out to the world that Captain Weymouth would discover the Northwest Passage, but they instructed him privily to spy upon the French and, if feasible, to establish a colony of his own.

The *Archangel* sailed from the Downes in March and made land near Cape Cod.

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Weymouth nosed his way up the Maine coast. Like Pring he entered Casco Bay, but he made his headquarters just east of Cape Small Point, in the mouth of the Kennebec River, near the present site of Bath. Here the Indians told of the French. The savages gleefully related the hardships of the winter, but, when they told him that the intruders were coasting along the shores in two great ships, Weymouth decided that discretion were the better part of valor, and he set sail again for England. Just before sailing, however, upon some friendly pretext, he lured five Indians aboard and carried them off with him. This treacherous kidnapping made the natives the enemies of the English, but it also won the interest of a man whose courage and determination saved the country of Aucocisco.

When, in July, the *Archangel* anchored safe in Plymouth Harbor, Captain Weymouth first reported to the commander of the fort, Sir Ferdinando Gorges. This very English gentleman with the strangely Spanish sounding name, listened attentively to the stories of the French encroachments. The valuable cargo of fish

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and furs also interested him, but most of all the strange copper-colored captives roused his curiosity. He calmly appropriated three Indians as his servants, and from them he learned of the wonder land of Aucocisco. He organized the Plymouth Company and used his influence to get a deed from James I for all land north and west of the Hudson River to the forty-fifth parallel. This deed, dated 10th April, 1606, conflicted for five full degrees of latitude with the French grant to de Monts, and Casco Bay lay right in the heart of this disputed territory. Gorges knew the French were already established on land which, thanks to the discoveries of the Cabots and his new deed with its flourishing royal signature and red royal seal, he believed belonged to the Plymouth Company. He urged haste, but it was too late in the season to send an expedition till next summer.

The Company did things in no niggardly fashion. They bought two good ships, the *Gift of God* and the *Mary and John*; they supplied them generously, and they enlisted over a hundred recruits. They placed a good man, George Popham, nep-



THE WILLOWS, JEWELL'S ISLAND



THE BIRCHES, CHEBEAGUE ISLAND

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hew of Sir John Popham, the president of the Company, in command, appointing Captain Rawleigh Gilbert his lieutenant. Their well laid and costly plans came to nothing. Their colony, the first English colony in New England, was indeed planted in the mouth of the Kennebec, almost on the site of Weymouth's encampment; but cold and disease wrought havoc with the little band. Many, among them young Popham himself, died, and it was a sorry little knot of survivors that next summer dragged themselves back to England.

The whole venture of a colony by the Plymouth Company collapsed. High hopes were dashed to the ground. Stout hearts wavered. Purse strings were pulled tight. The horrible stories of cold and privation retailed by the survivors made it all but impossible to find colonists. The enmity of the Indians, won by Weymouth's rash kidnapping, hung like a storm cloud which the French friendship might at any time blow over any English settlement in Maine. One man remained firm in his belief in the future of the country.

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Sir Ferdinando Gorges had, moreover, the courage of his convictions. Out of his own pocket he fitted out a vessel, and three times, in 1609, in 1614, and 1619, he sent her across the stormy Atlantic. He was more than fortunate in finding Richard Vines to lead these expeditions. Captain Vines was a good sailor, a brave and popular leader, and an honest man, and he served Gorges faithfully many years. Later he ruled the Maine colonies well and wisely. These first three voyages of Vines were but trading trips. Following Pring and Weymouth he visited the land of Aucocisco, bartering with Abenakis in their summer camps on the Casco Islands.

But Sir Ferdinando's agent was not the only man who found it profitable to trade glass beads for otter pelts and steel buttons for whale oil. The ubiquitous Captain John Smith was another early visitor to Aucocisco. When his toddling Virginia colony was on its feet, he found things too tame for his adventurous spirit, so he persuaded a company of London merchants to provide him with a trading ship. In his own words, "in the Moneth of Aprill, 1614, I chaunced to arrive in New-England, a

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part of Ameryca, at the Isle of Monahigan, to make Tryalls of a Myne of Gold and Copper; if these fayled, Fish and Furies was then our Refuge." He found no mines, but he carried home fish and hides worth £1500, a sum close to \$12,000 today. His masters were delighted, and the very next year he again sailed for America. His ship, however, was picked up by a French man-o'-war, and Smith was carried off a captive. He who had escaped from slavery in Turkey could not be expected to languish in a French prison, and a few months later he bobbed up serenely in London again, the manuscript of his adventures, written during his captivity, sticking out of his pocket.

This manuscript was published the same year (1616) under the title of "A Description of New-England," and the book fixed this name upon the country that had previously been called North Virginia. This is not the only name Smith gave us, for with his book was published his, the first map of the New England coast. When christening the larger bays, headlands, and islands, he diplomatically consulted with the King, who bestowed upon them the

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names of his friends, favorites, and family. Some of these names persist—notably Cape Elizabeth, named in honor of the ten-year-old princess who later became Bohemia's beloved "Queen of Hearts." In his description of the country, however, the author employed the Indian names, and he wrote of Casco Bay: "Westward of this River (the Kennebec) is the Countrie of Aucocisco, in the Bottome of a large, deep Bay, full of many great Isles, which divide it into many good Harbours." The King labelled it Harington Bay on the map, but that name never became popular. The Indian name, Aucocisco was too much of a mouthful for the English settlers, and they contracted it to Casco. The Indian word means heron, and the land of Aucocisco was the resting place of the herons, for in early days these great, grey birds flocked on all the islands in the Bay.

The year after this map was published, 1617, the persevering Gorges and the faithful Vines varied the monotony of their bartering trips by establishing a trading post at the mouth of the Saco River, some seventy-five miles southwest of Casco Bay. The tiny settlement grew till, in 1622,

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when Gorges obtained a charter for his colony, it was a flourishing little community. This charter conferred on Gorges similar rights to those enjoyed by the Lords Baltimore in Maryland. Under a loose supervision from the Crown, he was the final and absolute authority in all Maine. He was virtually king, ruling through his deputy, Richard Vines in Saco.

All these years, fishers and traders, both from Massachusetts and from the mother country, had visited Casco Bay each summer. After being cramped in close quarters on their tiny vessels for weeks and feeding on salt meat and dried beans, to camp on these cool, pine-clad islands and to feast on venison and wild fowl, fresh fruit and berries, was a more than welcome change. Their camps, however, were only tents of sail cloth, or at best rude log huts. They built no houses, for each fall they returned either to England or the more southern settlements. Like gold seekers, they came "to make their stake and dig for home again," and much of the wild, restless spirit of the boom mining town filled the trading and fishing posts of Maine during those early days.

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It was Christopher Levitt, trader, explorer, good Church of England man, and friend of the Indians, who built the first permanent house in Aucocisco. Escorted by his friend, the sagamore Cogawesco, he explored the coast from Piscataquis to Penobscot, and finally, upon the recommendation of his guides, he selected an island at the entrance of Portland Harbor for his headquarters. There is no mistaking his description, "and now in this place I came to Quack, which I have named York, * * * it lieth about two leagues to the East of Cape Elizabeth. It is a bay or sound between the Main and certain islands, which lieth in the sea about one English mile and a half. There are four islands which make a very good harbour." Leavitt's "Quack" is a corruption of the Indian "maquack," meaning red, from the red, iron impregnated clay of Portland Neck. The four islands are, of course, Cushing's, Peaks, House, and Diamond.

Levitt selected one of these as the site of his stone house, but which one is an unsolved riddle. Each, with all sorts of proofs, claims the honor. The very name of House Island, and as early as 1661 it

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was "commonly called Hous Ysland," while a deed dated 1663 says there was an old house upon it, is circumstantial evidence in its favor. The name is certainly suggestive, and what was an old house in 1663 might have been a new house in 1623.

From his stone house as headquarters, Levitt made several exploring and trading trips (one of his men, William Gibbins visited the Indian village at the falls of the Presumscot River), but the next year he returned to Massachusetts. He, however, left ten men in his stone house, and for several years maintained there a profitable trading post. Levitt himself went back to England to enlist support for his enterprise at Quack, or, as he called it, York. He obtained for himself appointment as Governor of New England and a grant of six thousand acres near Cape Elizabeth. A solid Churchman himself, he was aided by the Established Church. Encouraged and financially supported by the authorities of York Cathedral, he planned to establish a diocese in the New World, and considerable funds were raised for the building of a cathedral at Quack. Levitt's sudden death, on the eve of his

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departure for America, shattered these plans. Had he lived the story of Aucocisco might have been very different. At that time the Puritan colony of Massachusetts, founded but eight years before, was struggling hard for existence. Armed with civil authority as Governor and supported by the weighty influence of the Church, Levitt might have easily dominated New England, and in this event, Portland, or York as it would have been called, would have overshadowed Boston.

Five years after Christopher Levitt built the first permanent house in Aucocisco, the first permanent settler established himself in the region. Thomas Purchase had found it profitable to act as a broker between the Indians and the English. For him the head of the bay was a strategic position. Here he could meet the natives as, laden with the spoils of their winter trapping, they came to the islands for the summer fishing. Here too, the white men could sail up the New Meadows River to take the pelts off his hands. Purchase shrewdly placed himself on this highway of trade, and for the proverbial bottle of rum and horn of powder acquired from the Indians



FISHERMAN'S HOME, ORR'S ISLAND



"THE PEARL HOUSE," ORR'S ISLAND

CASCO BAY YARNS

a great tract of land that included Sebastegegan Island and a great part of Harpswell Neck.

Purchase had little more than made himself comfortable at his trading post when he began to have neighbors. Not very near neighbors, for he was near where Brunswick now stands and the new settlement was at Small Point Harbor; nor yet permanent neighbors, for the colony broke up after one year, but they made the first attempt at a real settlement in Aucocisco. They were members of the Company of Husbandmen, under the leadership of one Bryan Bincks. They had (1630) made a bargain with the Plymouth Company and secured a grant to forty square miles of land in New England. They agreed to furnish men and money, a ship and supplies, and to plant a colony. In return for their development of the country, the Plymouth Company gave them title to forty square miles surrounding the place of their settlement. Had the Husbandmen's pioneering efforts been successful, this would doubtless have been a satisfactory agreement. Their colony was, however, a failure, though their deed, known

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as the Plough Patent, was dug up years later to cause no end of trouble.

Twenty-five years had now elapsed since Martin Pring had brought the *Speedwell* into Casco Bay. Thomas Purchase had established his trading post almost within sight of where the discoverer's vessel had anchored, but, excepting the Husbandmen's abortive attempt, no true settlement had been made in the Aucocisco country. The region had, however, been thoroughly explored and its riches exploited by Captain John Smith, Levitt's party, and other wandering traders.

The time was ripe for the more serious business of colonization. A little band of zealots from Virginia had broken up the French colony of Madame de Guerchville at Mt. Desert, and as yet the Indians had been content to maintain a surly neutrality. The temporary trading posts were soon to grow into settlements, but the land of Aucocisco was the frontier of New England, and for the next fifty years she was torn by the reckless, almost lawless spirit of her settlers and bruised by the relentless, savage attacks of the French and Indians.

The Story of Casco Bay

II

The Frontier of New England

THE very year (1630) that the Husbandmen tried to found their colony on Cape Small Point, George Cleeves and Richard Tucker, two energetic and unscrupulous gentlemen, were squatting near Spurwink on the American land of Robert Trelawney, a respectable merchant of far-off Plymouth. Trelawney had, however, a bold and zealous agent, John Winter, who refused to be bullied by the adventurous pair. He knew his master's title to this land came straight from the Plymouth Company, and he forcibly ejected the intruders. With many threats and much fist shaking, Cleeves and Tucker withdrew. Two years later they settled where the City of Portland now stands.

So fair a city might have had more attractive founders. Of Tucker little is

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known—he was always second fiddle—but a man is judged by his friends, and his long, close partnership with Cleeves tarnishes his reputation. George Cleeves was a clever, plausible fellow, but he was not overburdened with scruples. He turned his coat so many times that, except that he always took the best of care of Cleeves' own interests, one cannot be sure of the motives that prompted his actions. He had several faithful friends, but most of his contemporaries have little good to say of him. Throughout his checkered career he was a rankling thorn in the flesh of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, his agent Vines, the Colony of Massachusetts, and his fellow settlers in Maine.

After settling on Portland Neck, Cleeves had no mind to be again dispossessed, so he formally claimed the land before the New England Council. This Neck, which the Indians called Machigonne, or red clay, was, so he held, No-man's land, and, on authority of the proclamation of King James that "gave unto any subject who shall transport himself over to this country upon his own charge * * * for himself and for every person so transported by him,

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one hundred and fifty acres of land," Cleeves claimed it for his own. The New England Council recognized this claim, but in 1635, three years later, it surrendered its charter and divided its territory among its members. All of Maine—including the grant to Trelawney, Cleeves' Portland claim, and the badly defined forty square miles of the Husbandmen's Plough Patent—fell to Sir Ferdinando Gorges. Gorges appointed Arthur Mackworth his agent for Casco Bay, and Cleeves now began again to fear for his land. Mackworth had settled on his island (now corrupted to Mackey's Island) near Portland the year before Cleeves and Tucker came to the Neck, and from the first the neighbors had not been friendly. From Cleeves' point of view, a bad case was made worse when the Proprietor's nephew, Captain William Gorges, came over from England as Deputy Governor of the whole of the Province of Maine.

Cleeves had built a fine log mansion close to the spot where in 1807 Longfellow was born. His son-in-law, Michael Mitton, had built his house over on the west side of the Neck, and his friend, Tucker, had his home

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between them. They were all very comfortable and happy, and Cleeves had not the least desire to move. He was ever a man of action, and, since his dealings with hard-headed agents and unreasonable deputies had never been successful, he determined to see the Lord Proprietor himself. So, leaving his family under the protection of Tucker, he hurried over to England. His polished manners, his intimate knowledge of affairs in New England, and his apparent frankness impressed Sir Ferdinando very favorably. With sly slander of his rivals and subtle recommendations of himself, Cleeves so completely hoodwinked the Proprietor that he not only dismissed the faithful Vines, but even recalled his own nephew. Gorges now reposed in Cleeves the authority he had formerly divided between Deputy Governor and Agent, commissioning him to lease and settle lands, and bestowing upon him a vast tract for his own personal use.

Cleeves returned to Maine monarch of all he surveyed and he acted like a despot. He proceeded to make things uncomfortable for those who had opposed him. One of his first acts was to deed Peaks Island

CASCO BAY YARNS

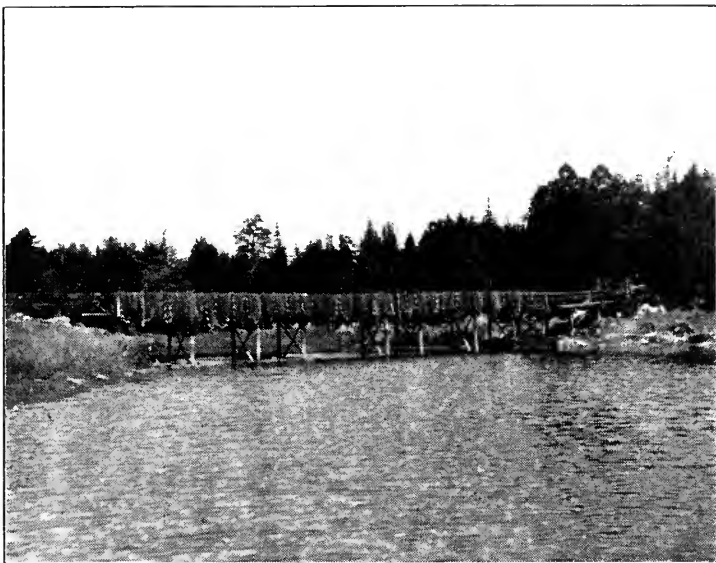
in Portland Harbor to his son-in-law, Milton, and to make a generous grant to his old partner, Tucker, and, he officially confirmed all his own titles. He handled things in so high handed a manner, however, that he won the enmity of the settlers who were beginning to gather on Portland Neck and the neighboring islands. As a result, a batch of complaining letters supported the story young Gorges told his uncle upon his return to England. Sir Ferdinando quickly recognized his mistake, and he did not mince matters. He summarily deposed Cleeves and appointed Richard Vines his Deputy Governor. Cleeves' lot was now not a pleasant one, and he could expect no consideration from Vines. The memory of the slanderous tales told their employer and the tyranny of the slanderer's short stewardship could be neither quickly forgotten nor easily forgiven. The wonder is that Vines did not drive Cleeves from Maine. He had authority to cancel land grants and the power to support his mandates, but Cleeves, probably for politic reasons, was allowed to possess his house and land at Falmouth,

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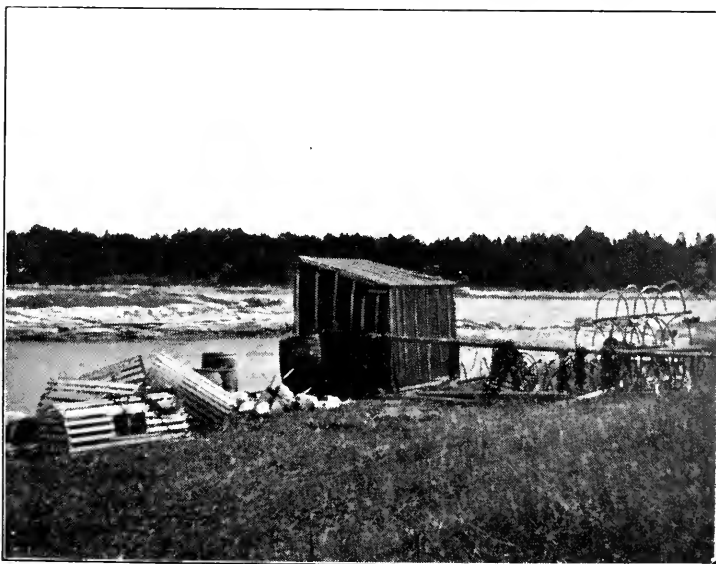
as Portland was then called. He lived there quietly for the next five years.

In spite of these squabbles, the settlement on Portland Neck had been growing. Other settlers, notably Munjoy and Brackett, had joined Cleeves, Tucker, and Mitton. In 1636, four years after Cleeves settled on the Neck, Chaven Thornton bought Hog (now Diamond) Island, and the same year George Jewell purchased from the Indians the romantic outer island that still bears his name, selling it next year to Henry Donnell of Boston for a fishing station. John Sears settled on Long Island, and Hugh Mosier and John Cousins took up the islands still called after them. Further up the bay, Francis Small and Nicholas Shapleigh established themselves on Sebascodegan Island, while Thomas Haynes made his clearing on the mainland by Maquoit, and William Haynes took up Bustin Island.

Casco Bay was being settled in earnest. Each summer, fishing ships still came from England and Massachusetts, and barter with the Abenakis was still a brisk and profitable business; but the fishermen and traders were being replaced by settlers who



FISH NETS DRYING, SEBASCODEGAN ISLAND



LOBSTER POTS AND BUOYS, HEN ISLAND

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made homes in the frontier of the colonies. Little log houses began to fringe the mainland, and out on the islands wisps of blue smoke rose from more than one chimney.

All this time George Cleeves chafed under the yoke of his enforced retirement. Instead of accepting the new regime, thankful not to be dispossessed, he itched to grasp again the reins of authority. He was ambitious, and he continually schemed how he might again become the leader of the colony. He finally worked out a plan that, should the proper opportunity arise, promised to give him all that he so dearly desired. The Civil War in England presented this opportunity, and he was quick to grasp it.

Gorges was a stout Royalist, and when Cromwell triumphed, Cleeves knew it was time for him to move against the distressed Proprietor. He planned to manoeuvre so as to reap for himself the greatest possible personal advantage. His scheme was to resurrect the old Plough Patent for the forty square miles granted to the Husbandmen, a grant that would include all Casco Bay.

With this object he slipped quietly over

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to England and began a still hunt for the survivors of the Husbandmen. One by one he rounded them up, and to each he told the same story. Their old title, he explained, was doubtful and of no great value. Gorges had many patents and grants covering Casco Bay, and, even if their Plough Patent was valid, of what good was forty miles of wilderness? Nevertheless he hoped that a weak minded individual might be found whom he might inveigle into buying their claim. Plainly a few real golden guineas were better than a shaky title to a sliver of the New World that none of them wanted. With such blandishments he secured from each of them an option on his share of the Plough Patent.

Now the problem was to find a buyer, and Cleeves changed his tune. Never was a more valid title—no, not to land in the City of London. Gorges was a Royalist—was it right that he should control a territory larger than Wales? This control, moreover, had been granted by the very authority the Puritans had defied and overthrown, and he tactfully suggested that he and his fellow colonists would gladly wel-

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come a Cromwellian regime. He expatiated upon the growing settlements in Aucocisco and called attention to the fish and furs that this region had been pouring into England for the past fifty years. He painted in glowing colors a picture any investor might well gaze upon longingly, and at last he found a buyer for his options. The purchaser was the Roundhead soldier, Colonel Alexander Rigby. A blunt, honest, straightforward man, he bought the Plough Patent frankly because he believed it a good investment, an opportunity to capitalize his position and influence. He and Cleeves were strange partners, but they got on capitally together, and Cleeves, as his agent, served him well and faithfully.

Two months after the sale, Cleeves returned to Maine as Deputy President for Rigby. Again in Maine and again a leader, he profited by his former experience and was conservative and circumspect. As President of the Rigby territory, he confirmed his titles to lands he had held under grants from Gorges, and he won friends by guaranteeing similar protection to his neighbors. He set up his government in Portland and formally claimed the whole

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of Aucocisco from the Kennebec to Cape Porpus. Richard Vines, Gorges' Deputy Governor, remained at Saco. He stoutly denied the Rigby claim, and the men of Scarboro, Saco, and Piscataquis held by him. Cleeves rallied most of the Aucocisco settlers about him, but down on Cape Elizabeth the doughty clergyman, Robert Jordan, and his friend Henry Jocelyn, led a strong anti-Rigby faction, while at home Cleeves had to deal with Arthur Mackworth who withdrew to his island, stubbornly refusing to recognize the new government. This resistance enraged Cleeves, but he had learned that his forte was diplomacy, and he kept a tight curb on his feelings. He wrote an ingratiating letter to the Puritans in Massachusetts, but they snubbed him. This was a blow. He had counted on their support of their illustrious co-religionist, Colonel Rigby; but still sure he could win the aid of the stronger colony, he had his old friend Tucker circulate a fine petition to Massachusetts begging for a mutual alliance "against the French, the Indians, and other enemies." Tucker, as he went from cabin to cabin in Casco Bay, was greeted curtly,

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and the list of signatures grew slowly. The independent frontiersmen were willing enough to recognize Rigby, but most of them were Churchmen and they looked askance at the Puritans. They felt well able to care for themselves against any enemies, and this petition savored too much of toadyism to the sister colony.

All this intrigue sickened the honest, peaceful Vines. He wrote to Gorges resigning as Deputy Governor, and emigrated with his family to Barbadoes, and Jocelyn, Cleeves' bitter opponent, was appointed Governor. He, too, had had enough of the dissension, but, being a man of different temper, decided the way to end it was to proceed vigorously against Cleeves, and, at the point of the sword if necessary, to bring back the Casco settlements under the rule of the Lord Proprietor. The Saco Council declared Cleeves and Tucker traitors and voted to take them prisoners. Thoroughly frightened by these activities, these worthies wrote to Governor Winthrop, begging aid to suppress what they called "a Royalist insurrection." The Puritans were not deceived by this cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" They knew Cleeves, and

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they read between the lines of his frantic appeal.

On March 30th, 1646, Jocelyn, supported by an armed band, landed at Casco, but Cleeves and his followers met him unarmed. Jocelyn presented a formal protest against the claim of Rigby, which ended with the peremptory command that Cleeves and his men submit to the government of the lawful Proprietor. Cleeves began a lengthy answer, but the impatient Jocelyn, seeing they would get nowhere and secretly peeved not to have been met by armed resistance, cut him short by offering to arbitrate the whole matter before the Massachusetts Magistrates. Cleeves was delighted. He was not to be carried off in chains nor to be thrown out of Maine, and he reasoned that the Puritan judges would surely support his Puritan master's claim. He could not believe the proposal was sincere, and he demanded bond. Jocelyn agreed promptly, and both parties put up £500 to insure their appearance at the May term of the General Court in Boston. Both were on hand at the appointed time, and the Court listened attentively to the evidence and then with-

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drew to consider the matter. Here was indeed a delicate question. The personal and political side issues further involved the tangle of conflicting land claims. Rigby was undoubtedly a good Puritan, high in favor with the Cromwellian party; but his Deputy President was a bitter pill to swallow, even with the sugar coating of religious favor. Gorges had actively supported the King, but he had governed his colony well and popular sentiment supported his claim to Casco Bay. As an alternative, the proposal was made that both claims be swept aside and Massachusetts herself take over the disputed territory. After a long discussion, the Magistrates washed their hands of the whole matter and tactfully suggested that both parties lay their proofs before the Commissioners of Foreign Plantations in England.

There was nothing else for the rivals to do. The Civil War in England delayed the final decision, so for the next nine months, the Deputy Governor and the Deputy President were forced to maintain a strained peace. In March 1647, the Commissioners awarded Colonel Rigby his claims in full.

In the meantime Sir Ferdinando Gorges

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had died, and his heir, John Gorges, accepted the verdict. The old Lord Proprietor would not have submitted so supinely, but without his leadership and support, Jocelyn was helpless. He even became "assistant" of the triumphant Cleeves, who was now undisputed ruler over all of the Casco Bay region. The remainder of Maine, still the property of Gorges' heir, was left unorganized, and in 1649 the colonists set up their own elective government of freemen.

Three years after his claim was ratified, Colonel Rigby also died. Cleeves' government was not popular, and the Casco settlers seized this opportunity to imitate their fellow colonists in Maine and set up an independent government. Cleeves fled to England and poured his troubles in the sympathetic ear of Edward Rigby, son of his old master. The whole of Maine was in a turmoil, and there was some talk of Cromwell's personal interference. Young Rigby, so political gossip had it, was to be sent over as Governor General of all New England, but this appointment was never made, and, as Cleeves, for reasons of his



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ORR'S ISLAND



SMUGGLER'S COVE, JEWELL'S ISLAND

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own, had no desire to return to Maine, the Province was left free to govern herself as best she might.

Massachusetts saw in this an opportunity to put into effect her selfish proposal to take over the divided colony. In 1629, she had been granted all land south of three miles east of the Merrimac River, so she exhumed this grant and by stretching the three miles to three degrees, claimed all land south and west of Clapboard Island in Casco Bay. Here was new material for dissention. A few of the Maine men were still faithful to the Gorges family, and a few favored the new Massachusetts claim. A considerable number held for Rigby, but the majority were enthusiastic for self-government. Gradually the Massachusetts claim, since the stable government of that colony held forth a promise of peace and justice, came to be more and more popular. The Restoration put the Royalists again in power and automatically wiped out the last vestiges of the Rigby title, and when in 1658, Massachusetts, having bought the interest of the Gorges' heirs for £12,000, assumed control, there was general rejoicing.

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So civil peace on the frontier of New England was only won by at last eliminating all the rival claimants. Massachusetts at once assumed control of affairs and continued to administer them with a firm hand till in 1820 Maine became one of the States of the Union. During the twenty years of internal strife that tore Casco settlements, the French and Indians mercifully kept peace. But these internal dissensions made the growth of the frontier towns weak and spasmodic. In the flood of savage warfare that soon was to sweep over them, they sadly needed the strength a more stable foundation would have given.

It was Thomas Purchase, the first settler in Casco Bay, who first caused trouble with the Indians. He had displayed a commendable foresight in establishing his trading post on the path of the Indian summer migrations, but his keenness for trade led him stupidly into antagonizing the natives. Fifty years of barter with both English and French had taught the Abenakis that a handful of beads was a poor exchange for an otter skin. So Purchase, in order that he might drive harder bargains, took the rum bottle into partnership. When the

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effects of the liquor had worn off, his dupes would discover that they had been shamefully cheated.

On September 5th, 1675, a little band of twenty Pejepscots called at Purchase's cabin. That spring King Phillip's War had broken out in Massachusetts, and the news inflamed the Indians and sent a shiver of apprehension through the straggling Aucocisco settlements. The Abenakis' *rendezvous* on Mair Point had been fully attended that summer. Messengers from the Massachusetts tribes had been royally entertained, but in the fall the Abenakis as usual began to work their way back to their inland winter quarters. The settlers in the Bay breathed more freely. The little band that visited Purchase were the last of the stragglers. Finding Purchase and his sons away, they ransacked the place and carried off some guns, ammunition, and several bottles of whisky. Drunk and riotous they returned, killed a calf and some sheep and forced Mrs. Purchase to prepare their banquet. Next morning one of the sons returned, and taking his mother with him, fled up the New Meadows River to Bath.

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A few days later a little sloop and two small boats sailed up the New Meadows River. Aboard were twenty-five islanders come to harvest their corn on their fertile land along the river bottom. They found the Indians skulking in the woods and came to blows with three of the outposts, one of whom was killed, another badly wounded, while the third carried the news to his friends. The little raiding band sent a message to the Pejepscot villages and rallied a considerable force, which hid in the woods, watching the harvesting. When the corn was loaded, the Indians attacked suddenly and triumphantly carried off the two small boats laden to the gunwales with corn.

Next year, 1676, the Pejepscots went on the war path in earnest. They destroyed Purchase's trading post and proceeded to ravage the entire country. The settlers from the head of the bay fled to the fortified house on Jewell's Island. Their leader, Richard Potts, of Haskell Island, set a watch upon the shore, but the enemy, a band of Pejepscots from Arrowsic, hid upon the wooded heights of the neighboring Cliff

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Island, and thinking themselves safe, the men went fishing. The Indians sped across and attacked the women and children. The men, hearing the cries and shots hastened back, but Mrs Potts and her two children were killed in the very sight of their father and husband. The attack was repulsed, and disheartened by the spirited defence, the Pejepscots withdrew. Shortly afterwards a small coasting vessel carried off the refugees on Jewell's Island.

All along the coast the Abenakis attacked the scattered settlements. Mugg, a sagamore of the Androscoggins, took Scarboro and massacred the inhabitants. The people of Wells sent Walter Gendell to treat with the Indians, but they calmly held him a prisoner and demanded a huge ransom. A war party of the Anasagunticooks, under Simon, who won the nickname of "Yankee Killer", fell on the little knot of six houses on Portland Neck in the dead of night and killed thirty-four. Anthony Brackett and his wife were captured, but they managed to escape and joined the other refugees who gathered at Andrew's stone house on Cushing's Island.

It was a sad and worried little band.

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Eleven of their kinsfolk and neighbors were known to be dead; twenty-five were missing. But there was no time for lamentation. A quantity of powder was stored on the Neck; and not only did they need this ammunition, but they feared lest it should fall in the hands of their enemies. That night several of the men stealthily paddled over to the Neck. The Indians were celebrating their easy victory, and the settlers landed unmolested. Fortunately the savages had not discovered a powder barrel stored in the cellar of Wells' house, and a little further up the Neck two more barrels in a storehouse had also providentially escaped their keen eyes, so, thanks to this bold raid, the Colonists would not lack ammunition. But food gave out, for the Indians besieged them all summer. The little party was finally reduced to the verge of starvation, and George Felt with six companions determined to risk a trip over to Munjoy's (now called Peaks) Island where, in his flight, John Palmer had left a flock of sheep. Indian camps lined the Cape Shore and Portland Neck, outposts were stationed on Hog (now Diamond) Island, and war canoes patrolled the waters of the

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harbor and bay. Knowing well their danger, the men waited a favorable opportunity, and one Saturday night, when the enemy seemed more quiet than usual, they paddled silently over to the neighboring island. The savages saw them, but allowed them to land, and then, with exulting shouts, surrounded the island and attacked fiercely. The seven white men, fighting every inch of the way, withdrew to the ruins of Palmer's stone house. Time after time the Indians rushed the house, but they only forced an entrance after the powder of the gallant little band was spent. The survivors were brutally slaughtered, and the Anasagunticooks withdrew to their camps to fittingly celebrate the death of George Felt, whose activities had won their peculiar hatred. The panic stricken women on Cushing's Island huddled together close in their refuge, and the surviving men did double guard duty. Had relief not come soon, this little knot of survivors from the Portland settlement would have all perished.

Next year, 1677, Massachusetts sent Majors Waldron and Frost, with a hundred white soldiers and fifty friendly Natick In-

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dians, to make a truce with Simon. They met at the Indian *rendezvous* on Mair Point. Simon protested friendship, saying he had sent Mugg to Boston to make a treaty, but that he had returned with word of the coming of the English expedition. He promised to deliver up his prisoners next morning, but during the night fourteen Pejepscot war canoes came down from the head of the bay, and Simon, emboldened by reinforcements, at daybreak attacked. This treacherous onslaught was repulsed, but fearing for the lives of the captives, Major Waldron again opened parley. Simon took this to be a sure sign of weakness, and after sarcastically defying the English, hurried off to join his forces to the Penobscot bands advancing to attack Bath. Major Waldron rushed to the defence and drove off the enemy, and on the 6th of November, Mugg signed a treaty, ending, for the time, the bloody hostilities. The very next spring, those who had fled from Casco Bay the previous summer, came back to their ruined homes.

In 1680 the Massachusetts Council planted a new colony on the east side of the Royal River in Casco Bay. The leader of

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the settlers was Walter Gendell, whom Mugg had held for ransom during the last outbreak. Gendell was a Church of England man, and, because he actively opposed the extension of the Puritan power over Maine, he was not popular in Massachusetts. On his return from his mission to the Indians, he had been hauled into Court and on the charge of treason sentenced to be hung. His friends, however, effected his escape to Portland where he was warmly welcomed and granted a hundred acres of land along the Back Cove. By paying a fine of £20, he bought his freedom from the Massachusetts authorities, and not only was the death sentence forgotten, but he was even appointed leader of the new settlement at Yarmouth.

Yarmouth, in the fall of 1684, was the scene of one of those isolated attacks that, even in times of nominal peace, terrorized the frontier. Gendell, learning that the Indians were prowling about, took half a dozen men down to Parker's Point, at the mouth of the Yarmouth River, to build a stockade which might serve as a refuge in time of need. While the leader was visiting at John Royall's house across the river,

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the Indians attacked. Gendell, knowing his men were short of *gunpowder*, bribed a negro to row him and a keg of ammunition over to the half built stockade. They waited till it was dark, but just as they reached the shore they were discovered. Riddled with bullets, Gendell fell, at the edge of the stockade. "Here, boys, here's some powder," he cried, and with a last effort, threw the keg over to them. The Indians drew off after this, but a couple of weeks later returned in greater numbers and fell upon the new settlement. Three of the settlers were killed, three were carried off to Lane's Island to be tortured to death, and the others fled to Jewell's Island, later removing to Falmouth. Yarmouth was not resettled till 1722.

Four years after the destruction of Yarmouth, King William's War broke out, and now the Indians had the intelligent leadership of the French. Governor Andross, of Massachusetts, had destroyed Bragaduce (now Castine), the home of Baron de Castine. This Frenchman had married a daughter of the Penobscots and he easily induced his warlike kinsmen to help him revenge his wrongs. They planned to destroy

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Portland again, and joined by the Pejepscots and Androscoggins, a party of over seven hundred French and Indians gathered on Peaks Island. Major Benjamin Church, the hero of the Swamp Fight in Rhode Island, arrived in the nick of time to beat off the attack, but he was called back to Boston in the fall, and had to take most of his men with him. He left, however, a garrison of fifteen gunners in Fort Loyall, which had been erected at the foot of India Street, and a garrison of sixty soldiers in the town.

It was a long and anxious winter for the five hundred souls on Portland Neck, but, except for wild rumors and false alarms, the season was uneventful. In the spring, instead of returning, Major Church was forced to withdraw Captain Willard and the handful of men he had left to protect Portland. The enemy soon heard of the defenceless condition of the little town, and in May they again appeared. They were joined by a blood-thirsty band fresh from the massacre at Schenectady. Captain Sylvanus Davis, commandant of Fort Loyall, ordered all people to stay indoors, but the zealous

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Lieutenant Clark took thirty of his men from the blockhouse on Munjoy's Hill to drive off some scouts of the enemy. He was attacked from ambush by a great force, and in the first deadly volley he and sixteen of his men fell. The others withdrew to the blockhouse, and, after fighting all day, retired to Fort Loyall under cover of darkness. The Indians now burned and sacked the town, and in full force attacked the little fort. Five days and four nights the battle lasted, but at last Captain Davis had to surrender. Burniffe, the French leader, promised the survivors should be spared, but he cruelly gave them all over to the tender mercies of his savage allies, who carried them off to their favorite torture ground, Lane's Island. Captain Davis and two others only were spared, and were carried in triumph to Quebec. Four years later Davis was exchanged and again returned to Casco Bay.

After destroying Portland, the Indians ravaged the whole of the Aucocisco country, and whoever was unable to make good his escape was massacred. Richard Potts and Richard Haynes both fled to Cliff Island, the one from Haskell Island and the other

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from Maquoit Bay, and both were murdered in cold blood. Harry Donnell on Jewell's Island was able to escape to Massachusetts. Many from the head of the bay fled to the fort at Brunswick, and Major Church, though he arrived too late to save Fort Loyall, raised the siege of Brunswick.

For the next twenty years there was comparative peace for the very good reason that the Casco Bay country was a ruined waste. A few straggling settlers came back, only to be driven off again by the Indians. In 1708, there was a general uprising, and the blow fell heaviest on Cape Elizabeth. Just east of Portland, near where Fort Preble now stands, a bloody battle was fought and the French and Indians held in check. It was not till after the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, that Portland was rebuilt, but it grew quickly, so that by 1722, when the next general hostilities broke out, there were forty-five families on the Neck and a strong fort well garrisoned for their protection. The Indians therefore contented themselves with attacking outlying farms and defenceless settlers on the more remote islands. Cap-

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tains Harmon, Brown, Moulton and Bean, with two hundred men, set out on the trail of Bomazeen, the leader of these marauders. They found them encamped on the island near the Gurnet that still bears the sagamore's name. A fierce battle raged for several hours, but in the end Bomazeen was killed and his followers scattered. They, however, rallied and with their friends attacked Brunswick in retaliation for their defeat and the death of their chief. This attack, the last on a settlement of any size in the region, was repulsed.

With these spasmodic gusts the fury of the Indian storm spent itself. Though there were occasional outbreaks, there were henceforth no general wars, and when in 1745 the power of the French in Maine was finally broken by the blow of the Louisburgh Expedition, the land of Aucocisco ceased to be a frontier country.

For one hundred and fifty years the Casco settlements had been struggling along, first as rough trading and fishing posts, next as settlements torn by the divided civil authority, finally as outworks of New England against which the French and Indians hurled their bitterest attacks. It was

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only the hardy adventurer who was tempted into Maine in those days. The long, freezing winters and the constant menace of Indian attack were hardships and dangers that could be comparatively escaped in the more southern colony of Massachusetts where too, stable government guaranteed rights and property. When our first frontier vanished, the settlements, warped and twisted in their early development, sprang up sturdy and strong, and the hardy pioneers turned naturally to the sea. Soon Maine fish and timber were being carried to all ports in Maine-built and Maine-manned vessels.

The Story of Casco Bay

III.

1776, 1812 and 1861

AS if having borne the brunt of the long series of French and Indian Wars—wars that were not of their own making—was not their full share of fealty to the mother country, the Casco colonists were called upon to help finance the European struggle of which their own battles had been but the echo. The Government reasoned that they had saved the American settlements from falling under the French sway which had threatened to spread from New France all over the continent. Naturally they expected some return for what they considered had been their invaluable services. The colonists, on the other hand, remembered only too vividly the horrors of the wars they had just been through, the treacherous ambushes, the stealthy night



YARMOUTH ISLAND



BAY STEAMER OFF LONG ISLAND

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attacks, the bloody massacres, the dreadful burnings and the merciless tortures. They felt, reasonably enough, that they had done their share. They resented the high taxes and those rigid restrictions upon their trade which England, in none too tactful or gentle manner, attempted to enforce.

Portland was now becoming an important trading center. The "good, fair harbour, behind four islands, which will hold fifty, yea an hundred great shippes" was teeming with commercial activity. Wharfs were built along the Neck, warehouses were erected by the shore, great schooners lay beside the wharfs, exchanging cargoes of cotton, sugar, tobacco, and various manufactured articles for ice, timber, salt fish and other Maine products. A flourishing ship-building industry sprang up. Portland-built ships became famous for their sound construction and good design. In those days too, whaling was a factor in the commerce of this growing seaport, and whale oil and bone were dealt in largely on the docks. In these various trades and industries, by means of rapidly expanding foreign trade, the foundation of the city's

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wealth and the prosperity of her citizens was laid broad and deep.

In this little seaport, which was so industriously building up a splendid export trade with the West Indies, vigorous resentment against the British restrictions on foreign trade kindled brightly. This resentment early burst into a hot flame.

On the 6th of June, 1769, seven years before the whole of the American colonies rose in arms, the merchants of Portland voiced in no uncertain terms their patriotic independence. They gathered in a mass meeting and forty-two of them solemnly signed a binding agreement not to buy any goods of English manufacture for one year, and to support, in every possible manner, their own home industries and those of their fellow colonists. Among the leaders in this movement—the earliest “Made in America” campaign—were Enoch Freeman, Stephen Longfellow, Benjamin Titcomb, William Frost, Peter Noyes, Enoch Ilsley, Richard Codman, and David Bradish. The descendants of these illustrious men have long kept their names prominent in the affairs of their city and state.

Down on Cape Elizabeth, the spirit of

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independence was also abroad, and as early as 1773, the men of the town voted £17 for the purchase of munitions of war. The very next year they organized two companies of militia. Captain Nathaniel Jordan, Jr., with Dr. N. Jones as his lieutenant, was placed in command of the Spurwink Company; and Daniel Stout and Samuel Dunn were the captain and lieutenant respectively of the Papoduck Company. These two companies later had time and again the opportunity of proving their worth. They saw much service during the War for Independence and covered themselves with glory.

Their spirit of independence and their patriotic firmness brought down on the heads of the men of Falmouth the wrath of the English authorities, and Portland Neck was the scene of an unwarranted outrage that, even more than the attack on the minute men at Lexington, brought the New England colonists to arms. In May, 1775, Thomas Coulson, whose Tory activities had already made him unpopular with his fellow-townsmen, imported stores with which to rig and supply a ship which he planned to send out as a privateer in the

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English cause. The vessel with these supplies lay at the wharf at the foot of Exchange street, close to where the Casco Bay and Harpswell Line docks now stand. The local Committee of Safety and Inspection, learning of these plans, forbade the landing of this cargo. Coulson made several unsuccessful attempts, both by stealth and by force, to land these stores, and then he sent a call for help to the English authorities in Massachusetts.

In reply a trim sloop of war sailed into Portland Harbor and anchored off Fish Point. She was the *Canseau*, Captain Mowett commanding, and she came under sharp orders to see to it that His Majesty's faithful subjects were not interfered with in their loyal intentions and that no harm came to their persons or property. Under this protection, Coulson again attempted to unload his cargo, but none of the Falmouth men could be hired, or bribed, or bullied into doing this distasteful work. Feeling ran high, and one afternoon, when Captain Mowett, his surgeon, and the Rev. Mr. Wiswell were ashore together, a band of volunteers, led by Colonel Samuel Thompson, of Brunswick, an old Indian

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fighter, captured the trio and carried them off to prison. The officers of the *Canseau* sent a gig ashore with the peremptory order that their Captain be released at once, following it with the threat that, unless he was safe and sound in his cabin on the *Canseau* by sundown, they would knock Falmouth off the Neck. General Preble and Colonel Freeman consulted with Captain Mowett, and he promised to appear the next morning for a public hearing of the case. These gentlemen then suggested to the patriots that the officer be released on parole, but the young men would not listen to any such proposal. At last, however, the older counsellors prevailed, and upon their word that he would appear Mowett was escorted to the docks and set free. Next morning the Court convened, but the English officer did not attend the proceedings. Enraged at this faithless action, the young men swearing vengeance on all Tories, rushed out of the courtroom. They ran first to Coulson's house, but the bird had flown to a safe perch on the *Canseau*.

The mob, however, ransacked his house, and then set out to find other Tories. All

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suspects they caught they rode on rails, tearing their clothes, and shamefully mistreating them. In the midst of the riot word came that the *Canseau* was weighing anchor. The crowd rushed to the waterfront in time to see her slipping away between Cape Shore and Cushing's Island. The mob saluted the retreating enemy with bad wishes and promises that she should not escape so easily should she visit them again.

The *Canseau* did revisit Falmouth. Captain Mowett remembered very well his reception in this rebellious seaport, and the memory of his ignominious treatment rankled. Accordingly, he obtained three additional ships from his Admiral and paid a return visit. It was Monday, October 16th, when this little fleet appeared in the harbor. Mowett wasted no words in parley or explanation. He sent a boat ashore with the laconic message that in half an hour he was going to shell the town. This time he kept his word faithfully, and that same evening he sailed away leaving a burned and broken ruin where that very morning had stood the flourishing little town of Portland.

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Help was sent to the destroyed city, and the Continental leaders determined to fortify this harbor. Colonel Jonathan Nutchell and his regiment were ordered to this duty, and they erected Fort Hancock on Spring Point, just where old Fort Preble now stands. Just opposite, on House Island, the present site of Fort Scammel, they threw up a redoubt and built a wooden blockhouse. While the people of Falmouth were busy helping the soldiers build these defences a British frigate, under the command of Captain Symonds, hove in sight. The big vessel came to in the Roads, and the Captain sent word that the building must stop. The men paid not the least attention to this order. but continued steadily at work, and the frigate, after cruising about Casco Bay for a couple of days, withdrew.

It was this same frigate that chased the little sloop belonging to David Johnson of Bailey's Island. Johnson, to avoid capture, drove his little ship into shallow water, where the big vessel could not follow him, but the frigate came to off Pond Island and sent out a barge. They pursued Johnson to Yarmouth Island, where

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in Sandy Cove he was forced to beach his sloop. Determined to put on a bold front, and to sell their lives, if need be, as dearly as possible, Johnson and his crew gathered behind the protection of the rocks at the point of the Cove and threatened to fire if the barge approached closer. Though superior in numbers, the English returned to their frigate, and she sailed away. Johnson and his Bailey's Island boys waited for high tide to float their sloop, and returned joyfully to the island.

Many of the hardy islanders served during the Revolution. Companies were organized in Portland, Yarmouth, Cumberland, on the Cape, and, at the head of the Bay, in Brunswick and Bath. The island men joined the colors at the town nearest their home. The peaceful merchants of Falmouth turned their trading ships into privateers and sent them out to harry English commerce. One of the most famous of these vessels was Pearson Jones' ship the *Putnam*. She was commanded by Captain Joseph Bailey, with John Maxwell and Nathaniel Thompson as lieutenants. The *Putnam* had a sensational and successful career. She brought in several rich prizes

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and had no end of close escapes from capture by the British cruisers and frigates that were patrolling the New England coast.

During the long hard winter when Boston was closely besieged by the English army and fleet, the Casco settlements came to the aid of their suffering compatriots. A little sloop from the Bay, the *Martha*, ran the blockade and brought in a good cargo of corn and two barrels of gunpowder. Hearing that firewood was scarce in the beleaguered city, the men of Cape Elizabeth collected forty-eight cords of pine. A little vessel, with this wood aboard, was also wary enough and swift enough to elude the blockading squadron and bring her acceptable gift to the shivering city.

After the close of the Revolution, Portland again took up her interrupted commerce. Her merchants prospered, and during the first half of the last century, they built those splendid stone mansions that stand behind the long rows of majestic elms along Congress and High streets. The city grew rapidly, and in 1786 was separated from Falmouth and incorporated as

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the City of Portland. By 1820, when Maine became a state of the Union, Portland had a population of about 10,000.

The Government took steps to foster the trade and protect the harbor of this important shipping port. In 1785, the merchants and ship owners of the city had petitioned Massachusetts to build a lighthouse on Portland Head, but the request had not been granted. Five years later Congress (the Federal Government having taken over from the individual states the building and maintaining of lights), appropriated \$5,000 for the building of a lighthouse on this point, and in January, 1791, the Portland Head Light, so long a familiar landmark on the coast, was first lighted.

Remembering the Mowett outrage, the Government also took steps to fortify Portland Harbor. In 1794, Fort Sumner was built. In 1808, the Government bought Little Diamond Island, which is still used as a station for the lighthouse service, and the next year acquired the west half of House Island. At this time, Fort Preble on Spring Point and Fort Scammel on House Island were built. These two old

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forts, both named after Revolutionary heroes, though no longer maintained as defences are still interesting features of the harbor. Fort Gorges, built in 1857 under the direction of Jefferson Davis when he was Secretary of War, was the best type of harbor defence at the time of the Civil War. This fort, which was originally called Castle Gorges, was built from the same plans as historic Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor. The Southern fort, whose fall issued in the Civil War, was, however, made of brick, while Fort Gorges is built of Maine granite. It is interesting to compare the sod parapets and tubby iron cannon of this fort with the steel bastions and great disappearing guns of Fort Williams near Portland Head and of Fort McKinley on Great Diamond Island. These important military posts, with their heavy armaments and modern barracks, are a sight well worth seeing, for Portland is not only famous as one of the best lighted harbors in the world, but also as one of the most strongly fortified positions on our coast.

Forts Preble and Scammel had just been completed when the peace, which the busy

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merchants of Portland had so wisely employed in extending their foreign trade, was rudely broken by the outbreacking of the second war with Great Britain. During the War of 1812, despite the protection of the two new forts, Casco Bay was a place of alarms. English men-of-war patrolled the coast, keeping a sharp lookout for the laden merchantmen from Portland and making periodical raids on the smaller coast towns. Fearing that these plunderers would make a descent upon Bath, rude forts were thrown up at the mouth of the New Meadow Rivers, below Cundy's Harbor, to lock the back door, as it were, to this city. At this time also, the only fortification ever built on Harpswell Neck was hurriedly erected. It was only a crude affair of green logs banked with earth. A similar fort was thrown up on the north end of Bailey's Island close to Horse Cove.

All along the Bay a close watch was kept for ships of the enemy. From the Portland Head Light and the Cape Small Point Light, and from the Observatory Tower in Portland, which is still standing, powerful glasses scanned the bright waters of the Bay, and should a suspicious sail

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rise above the horizon the watchers stood every ready to sound the alarm. The guards at the mouth of the New Meadows River and the sentries at the forts in Portland Harbor issued orders forbidding anyone to pass in a boat after sundown without hailing and being recognized. The fishermen considered these orders the height of cowardly foolishness and took keen delight in sneaking past these posts in the early morning or late evening. This breach of discipline resulted in an unfortunate tragedy. One evening about dusk, Seth Wilson, who was on guard at Cundy's Harbor Point, saw a little boat slipping up the river. He challenged and received no answer. Again he called, "Who goes there?" Again no answer. He raised his piece and fired. A wild cry echoed his shot. The little boat swung 'round in the tide and almost immediately sank. The unfortunate victim was a fisherman named Dingley. After that severe lesson, all passersby took special pains to make themselves known to the guards.

Finally the danger which threatened Bath came, but not by way of Casco Bay and the New Meadows River. The British

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cruisers entered boldly by the mouth of the Kennebec. General King ordered the militia of the Casco district to mobilize and march at once to the defence of Bath. In order that the rear approaches to the city might not be left open and to furnish some sort of protection to the Upper Bay, Major Johnson left the Bailey's Island Company, under Captain James Sinnott, at the fort on this island.

One morning, not long after the departure of their comrades, the little garrison on Bailey's Island saw a small coasting vessel scurry down the long arm of Cape Small Point hotly pursued by one of the enemy's cruisers. The little vessel ran in between Ram and Pond Islands and the cruiser, foiled by the shallow water, sent a boat, manned with sailors and marines, after her. The coaster continued till she came to Horse Cove on Bailey's Island, almost under the very walls of the crude fort at the Narrows. The English boat followed, and Captain Sinnott sent John Ham, of Brunswick, with two others, to hail the enemy, and, under threat of fire from the tiny fort, order them off. Ham and his companions ran out to the rocky

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point east of Horse Cove and called out to the English boat:

"Hey — ahoy, there! What do you want?"

"The coaster!" came back the reply.

"You can't have her," bellowed Ham.

"We'll take her, thank you."

"If you don't get out in five minutes, we'll sink you!"

The English stopped and conferred. Some were evidently for closing in and risking it. Others pointed to the fort. After a little pause, the officer in charge gave the order and the boat returned to the cruiser, who put about and joined her consorts at the mouth of the Kennebec.

Portland herself had an alarm one July morning in 1813 when a strange sail appeared suddenly off Cape Eliabeth. Her trim rig and high waists proclaimed her to be a man-of-war, and the tocsin was sounded. But the stranger sailed majestically by and was lost to view behind the wooded heights of Jewell's Island. Off Haskell Island a little fishing smack was bobbing up and down in the open sea. Aboard her were James Sinnott, Jr., a young man of twenty-three and his two younger brothers.

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They saw the man-o'-war, but she was flying the stars and stripes, and so they eagerly, as boys would, accepted the cordial invitation that was extended to them to visit the American man-o'-war, *Essex*. Once on board, however, they were hustled into the captain's cabin and curtly informed that they were prisoners aboard His Britannic Majesty's ship *Rattler*, and that no harm would be done them. It was their fishing smack, not themselves, that was wanted. This smack, if she nosed about Casco Bay, would attract no attention, and the English officers wanted to discover the extent of the defences of the territory. A crew of ten men were put in the small sail boat and off she went. The *Rattler* withdrew further off the coast and a week later again picked up the scouting party. Sinnott and his brothers were well treated and well fed, and when the explorers returned, they were restored to their boat and set free.

Another man from Orr's Island had a somewhat similar adventure. Richard Orr, "old Uncle Dick Orr", as he was affectionately called, was out in his canoe one day when a British privateersman came along



THE CAVE, ORR'S ISLAND



MOONLIGHT IN CASCO BAY

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and commanded him to come aboard and act as pilot. In reply he dug his paddle in the water and made for Ram Island. The English chased him in a small boat, but he had time to land and drag his light canoe into a cave where he hid so securely that his pursuers could not discover him. They prowled about the little island, and finding some sheep that were pastured there, killed three and returned to their vessel. During the night, Uncle Dick launched his canoe and under cover of the darkness paddled over to Lowell's Cove, Orr's Island. The next morning the privateer, having sailed off in the night, was nowhere to be seen.

When the War of 1812 ended, Portland, a second time, took up her business of building ships and sending them out to all the ports of the globe, and it was during the next forty years that the city made its greatest strides forward. The harbor was now always dotted with great schooners, and the little vessels of the fishing fleet were always scurrying to and from the Banks. In 1827, Congress appropriated \$3,000 (this was later increased to \$7,500) for two lighthouses to be erected on Cape

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Elizabeth, and eleven years later the Portland Breakwater was built at a cost of \$10,000.

It was just before the Civil War that Casco Bay first became known as a summer resort. The good people of Portland had long enjoyed the islands as capital picnic and camping grounds, but the world outside had not yet discovered the rugged, pine-crowned islands, swept with ocean breezes, where the Abenaki Indians, long before the coming of the whites, had spent the summer months. In 1850, Lemuel Cushing bought Cushing's Island, and three years later his hotel, the Ottawa House, first opened its doors. The very next year, the Union House, originally called the American House, was opened on Peaks Island.

Portland and the Cape Shore, Falmouth, Cumberland, and Yarmouth all gave freely of their sons for the Union cause during the Civil War, and the roster of the various Maine regiments contains many a name familiar to-day among the islands. The war itself, except for one stirring incident, did not come within Casco Bay. On the 27th of June, 1863, a Confederate

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privateersman, slipping quietly along the Maine coast, met, off Cape Elizabeth, the small fishing boat of one Bibber from Freeport. They made him a prisoner, and recognizing the opportunity presented by his intimate knowledge of the coast, decided to employ him as a pilot on a bold raid right into the very heart of Portland Harbor. They hung off the Cape till night, and then ordered Bibber to steer the vessel into Portland Harbor. He refused. The captain clapped a pistol to his temple and gave him the choice of bringing the ship safe into Portland Harbor, or having his brains blown out. Trusting to the vigilance of the sentries at the two forts to discover the bold raider, Bibber obeyed. With every light extinguished, the vessel crept under the beetling crags of White Head, and worked cautiously round behind the forts, past the partly built Fort Gorges and into the harbor. Quietly she was brought alongside the cutter *Caleb Cushing*. The Confederates boarded her, and before her crew knew what had happened they were in the power of the Southerners. Then, with her prize in tow, the gritty little privateer made for the open sea again.

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But the alarm had been sounded. There was a bustle at the little forts by the harbor's mouth, but the enemy had already cleared the ship channel and was out of range. A swift schooner was hastily manned with a picked crew of volunteers and the pursuit started. The privateer was captured off Richmond Island. A few shots were exchanged, but, hampered by her prize, the Confederate was no match for the infuriated Portlander. The privateer was boarded, and after a brisk fight her crew surrendered. The Portland men blew up the desperate raider and with the recaptured *Caleb Cushing* and their prisoners sailed triumphantly back to the city. The little seaport celebrated boisterously. There were a parade and fireworks and speeches in the park that evening, and dances and dinners in the big houses, while the little forts in the harbor fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns in honor of the exploit.

After the close of the war the defences of the harbor were again overhauled. Forts Scammel and Preble were repaired and partly enlarged. The Breakwater, which had been so long under construction, was finally finished and, under the competent

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hands of Lieutenant Casey, Fort Gorges was rushed to completion. But the long, hard struggles and a series of modern inventions were destined to work changes in Casco Bay.

In the perilous war times, many ship owners, fearing the Confederate privateers, had transferred their bottoms to the protection of other flags. The coming of the steamboats with steel hulls was a blow to the builders of the stout wooden sailing ships for which Casco Bay had long been famous. Gradually the introduction of quicker transportation and better methods of refrigeration changed the salt fish industry to the modern fresh fish business. In place of the fish stands on the different islands where the fish were dried and packed in barrels have sprung up great wholesale fish houses along the Portland wharfs, where the islanders now sell their finny cargoes to be packed in ice and delivered in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia twenty-four hours after they are lifted from the sea. All these changes have helped transform Portland from a busy, old-fashioned seaport, to a bustling modern city.

Casco Myths and Legends

ON the 11th of April, 1700, Colonel Romer His Majesty's Engineer-in-Chief in America, having inspected Casco Bay, reported to the Earl of Bellmont, Captain General of His Majesty's Forces in New England that "sd. Bay is cover'd from storms that come from ye sea by a multitude of Islands, great and small, there being (if one may believe report) as many islands as there are Days in a yr."

So the story that there are just three hundred and sixty-five Casco Islands was not invented, as the skeptical summer visitor sometimes supposes, for his special benefit, but was "common report" over two centuries ago. After watching two enthusiasts painstakingly check over the Government chart and having seen each arrive at a very different total, I am very willing to accept the traditional figures.

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Whatever their number, there is hardly one of this multitude of islands that cannot tell some interesting bit of historical gossip, some strange yarn, some romantic legend. Cousins Island, for example, was owned during the time of the Indian wars by Vines Ellicott, grandson of Gorges' agent and he mortgaged it to the Commissioners for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians, who found this excellent employment for the missionary funds at a time when those to be converted were in so unreceptive a mood. Cousins Island's neighbor, Lane Island, was once an Indian burial ground, and here on two occasions the exulting redskins sacrificed with horrible torture their hapless white captives. On the ragged outer reef of Peaks Island, near Trott's Rock, the schooner *Helen Eliza* was wrecked, and all her crew, save one boy, were lost. Charles Jordan, the sole survivor, had once before, when his vessel foundered in a hurricane in the West Indies, been the only one saved and he determined to tempt Fate no further. Accordingly, he went to work as a farm hand for one of his relatives up in New Hampshire, but a few months

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later he slipped off a log, when crossing a trout brook, and was drowned, which seems to prove the fisherman's stoical philosophy that "eff a seafarin' man's agoin' t'drown, thar ain't no way t'save him." The eerie legend of the ghostly ship, whose vain effort to round Harpswell Neck and make a safe haven in Pott's Harbor was always believed by the fisherman to be a sign of a wreck somewhere in the Bay, was taken by Whittier as the subject of a poem.

And so it is with all the islands, each one has its own yarn to tell. The ragged, rugged outer islands, parts of the great natural breakwater Nature has erected in front of the Bay, were formerly the haunts of pirates and smugglers. On the fertile, low-lying inner islands the first settlers in the bay fought off the bitter attacks of the French and Indians.

In early days seals, whales, and the big, grey herons for which the land of Auco-cisco was named by the Indians were plentiful. Now they have all but vanished. Another curious beast, the sea serpent, has also forsaken Casco Bay. His favorite habitat is now the Jersey coast, off Atlantic City or Long Branch, but the very first

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one ever seen in America, "the original and only genuine" one was discovered by the English traveler, John Josselyn, basking on the rocks of Cushing's Island. He described him in his quaint book of travels in the American colonies so that there is no mistaking the beast, as "a great snake that did lay on ye rocks, sunning", and he would fain have shot him, but his Indian guides forbade the attempt, lest, being but wounded, the monster should sink their frail canoe.

Michael Mitton, the son-in-law of Cleeves and the original owner of Peaks Island, told Josselyn of another strange beast in Casco Bay which also found its way into the traveller's book. Mitton was a jovial soul, a splendid boon companion for a little hunting trip, the life of a party on a long winter's evening. He had a taste for strong drink, and "stonewall", half Jamaica rum and half hard cider, was his favorite tippie. He was continually complaining of the high cost of "aqua-vita", and one time, when John Winter of Richmond Island charged him six shillings and eight pence for a gallon jug, they came to blows.

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One day, when out fishing, so Mitton told Josselyn, and one hardly knows whether the story was inspired by "stonewall" or Michael's love of chaffing, he came suddenly upon a tryton or merman. Mitton was rounding one of the small islands, like as not it was Pumpkin Knob, when this strange creature grabbed his canoe and, if he had not cut off its hand, it would have upturned his boat. The merman sank to the bottom of the bay, and all the waters 'round, so Josselyn solemnly tells us, were stained a deep purple by its blood.

Another early island owner was fond of drinking "stonewall" and playing practical pranks. He was James Rennie, who in 1808 bought Mackey's Island from Jane Deering. Rennie, a most uncanny Scot, promptly mortgaged his island and built an elaborate mansion where he entertained elaborately. His wife, a charming Scotchwoman of gentle blood, was a delightful hostess, and their dinners, though often marred by the over-indulgence of the host himself, were famous.

Rennie was a ventriloquist, and in those days ventriloquism was little known, so, when he first came to Portland, he was

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able to play several fine jokes. One day he drove into the city's hay market with a load from his island meadows, and being of no mind to unload himself, he used his gift to make it sound as if a boy was smothering at the bottom of the hay wagon. The good-hearted farmers turned to the rescue work with a will, and Rennie, chuckling to himself, slipped off and went over to the fish wharf. A smack from one of the islands, loaded with cod and mackerel had just docked, and he stopped to buy some fish.

"Are your fish fresh?" he asked.

"Caught since sunrise," replied one of the fishermen.

"Well, I must say they don't look it."

"But," protested the islander, "they are still alive."

"Is that so?" Rennie asked sarcastically. "Well, we'll soon see about that." Then turning to the glistening heap of fish, he called, "Hey, there, you fish, when were you caught?"

"Four days ago," came the startling answer.

"There," said Rennie, "I knew you were lying to me."

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When the superstitious fishermen heard their catch speak they were dumbfounded. One of the more excitable jumped into the smack and began shoveling the talking fish overboard. Another shouted, "A miracle!" and falling on his knees began to pray. Rennie burst out laughing, and the rest, resenting his insults and recognizing that his demeanor was hardly that of a holy man, decided his powers came from Beelzebub. They grabbed him, but he shook them off, and would doubtless have escaped, but just at this moment an excited mob of farmers from the hay market appeared at the head of the wharf. They had found no boy under the hay and had set off to find the man who had wrought this witchcraft. Farmers and fishermen compared notes, while Rennie, laughing to himself, stood calmly in the center of the excited throng. Some wanted to burn him at the stake as a wizard. Others advised turning him over to the authorities. Rennie, frightened at this serious turn of events, tried to explain, but a couple of lusty fellows grabbed him by the arms and legs and unceremoniously tossed him off the dock into the slip. Some of his friends

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came up in time to save him from another ducking.

After this Rennie turned his powers to practical effect by giving professional exhibitions. He traveled about and made considerable money, but he lived recklessly and finally decided to recoup his scattered fortunes by a tour of the West Indies. He never returned. Some say he died of the fever in Jamaica; others that he deserted his family. His poor wife had nothing save a stack of unpaid bills, but Captain Theodore Mussey, who bought the island at the bankruptcy sale for \$365, allowed her to live in the house rent free until she died. Later Mackey's Island was bought by Judge James T. Baxter.

There is a curious tradition associated with ownership of land on Cousins Island, which dates back to the very first owner, John Cousins. The Indians called this island Susquesong, and the early settlers knew it as Little Hogg, but the first owner's name has prevailed over both of these. John Cousins was over forty years old when he first bought the island from Vines, Gorges' agent, and he lived there until he was driven off by the Indian troubles and

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took refuge in York. Here he died, several years later, at the advanced age of ninety-six years. After the Indian wars the island was settled by Roland Hamilton, brother of Ambrose Hamilton, the settler of Chebeague. All the Hamiltons have always been famous as a strong, long-lived family, but Roland was stronger and lived to a greater age than any of his contemporaries. A little later, in 1740, another man who attained a ripe old age, John Lewis, the last of the four judges of North Yarmouth, bought his farm on Cousins Island. By this time it was generally believed that to own land on Cousins Island was a guaranty of long life, and even to-day this is said to have its effect on the price of cottage sites on this popular island.

Two little neighbors of Cousins Island, Bustin's Island, first owned by William Haynes, the first schoolmaster of Falmouth, and Bibber's Island, named after an ancestor of the same Bibber who at the pistol point was forced to bring the Confederate privateer into Portland Harbor, both claim to be the site of the mysterious lead mine, where the Englishman Ransom got the metal he said he could transmute

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into silver. Ransom appeared suddenly, from whence no one knew, about 1801, and his alchemical practices soon won him the name of the "Acaraza Man". After Salter Quincy, a respectable silversmith of Portland, had actually tested the crude lead ore from Bibber's, or Bustin's, Island that went into the alchemist's magical pot and the little shining ingot that came out and proclaimed the former was true lead and the latter was pure silver, the whole city believed Ransom's glittering claims. Salter Quincy became his partner and gave the use of his shop. Dupes flocked to invest in this splendid get-rich-quick scheme. For weeks Ransom did a flourishing business, but some investors became suspicious and watched his secret laboratory through a hole bored in the wall. With elaborate ceremony Ransom was accustomed to put the ore in the little pot, sprinkling it with May dew and other mysterious and potent charms, stirring it the while with a long black rod. Accompanied by strange incantations the mixture in the little pot was fused over the silversmith's fire, and finally the little ball of pure silver extracted. The watchers behind the scenes discovered that

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the potency of all these charms lay literally in the long black wand. Its end was hollow, and in a little hole the wizard rolled up a thin Spanish silver coin called a pistareen. Ransom was arrested, but he escaped. His final disappearance was as sudden and as mysterious as his first appearance in Portland.

The story is also told of Bibber's Island that it once changed hands over the turn of a card. It was, so the report goes, put into a jack-pot in a game of poker, and the owner held three jacks against his opponent's three queens. Other islands in the bay have changed hands curiously. Sebasteogan Island, the largest of all the "three hundred and sixty-five" was originally bought from the Pejepscot Indians for the almost proverbial horn of powder and bottle of rum. George Jewell did not strike quite so good a bargain with the natives when he purchased the beautiful island that still bears his name, for he had to throw in half a dozen fish hooks over and above the gunpowder and rum. The very names of Junk of Pork and Pound of Tea are said to record the commodities given in exchange for them.



LOBSTER FISHING FLEET, CLIFF ISLAND



SMUGGLERS' COVE, JEWELL'S ISLAND

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There is very often an interesting yarn in the names of the islands. Many are still called after their original settlers. For nearly three centuries Jewell's, Lane's, White, Cousins, for example, have borne the same name. Moshier's Island was also called after its first owner, Hugh Mosier, a young adventurer from London who took up the island in 1634. Mackey's Island is but a corrupted form of Mackworth's Island, which the Indians called "Menickoe", or clump of pines. Bailey's Island bears the name of Deacon Timothy Bailey, who, in 1742, was the first permanent settler, and Orr's Island is called after two brothers, Joseph and Clement, who, in 1748, bought the island from the heirs of Elisha Cook of Boston and settled there. Two of the important islands retain their original Indian names, the large Sebascodegan, meaning "long carry" from the *portage* connecting the bay with the New Meadows River in the Indian line of march, and Chebeague, meaning "cold water," or "cold springs," from the many springs the Indians found there on the summer expeditions. At one time the First Church of Boston owned half of Che-

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beague and the island was then called Recompence.

Some of the islands have had many names. Cliff was formerly Crotch Island, and Diamond was long called Hog Island. Cushing's Island has had the following names: Andross', from James Andrews, the first settler; Portland, which Andrews himself called it; Fort, in commemoration of the fortified refuge there during the Indian wars, and finally Cushing's after Colonel Ezekiel Cushing, the Indian fighter who settled there after the wars were over. Peaks Island, however, has been blessed with the most elaborate collection of names, and strangely, it has only been recently discovered just who or what Peaks was. The island was first called Pond, but when Cleaves gave it to his son-in-law, Michael Mitton, he called it after him, Michael's Island. Then successive owners, Munjoy, Palmer, Waite, and Brackett gave it their own names. For two hundred years, however, it has been called Peaks Island, a name it received in a most roundabout way. The island was divided equally among the grandchildren of George Munjoy, and Josiah Munjoy received with the

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others his one-ninth. He was an inn-keeper of Fish Street, Boston, and, after his death, his widow, who was Martha Cutler, married again. Her second husband was Stephen Pearks, who, upon his marriage gave up his trade as founder and turned inn-keeper. A year later, on the 23rd of October, 1723, Stephen and Martha Pearks sold one-ninth of Pearks Island in Casco Bay to John Smith of Boston. Thus Pearks, though he was never, save by proxy, owner of the land and probably never even saw it, was able to give his name to the island.

The most fascinating of all the yarns of Casco Bay are those dealing with pirates and smugglers. Who doesn't thrill at the thought of a buried treasure, and who is not stirred when they stand on the shore of a smuggler's cove?

Richest in these romantic traditions among all the Casco Islands is Jewells. Purchased from the Indians, it was used as a fishing station, and twice, in 1678 and 1688, served as a refuge for the settlers from the mainland. Indian Point on the inner shore is said to be the exact spot where the savages massacred Mrs. Potts

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and her two children before the very eyes of her husband.

There are two distinct pirate traditions associated with Jewells Island. According to one, a ship of one of the Bermuda pirates struck the Brown Cow in a heavy sea and foundered. The crew, or some of them at least, managed to make Jewells Island in a small boat. They saved from the wreck a great chest of gold, and this they buried, rumor has always said, somewhere near the Punch Bowl. Their treasure safely hidden, they scattered, but some of the party are said to have returned with a chart and spades several years later, and old Chase, a former owner of the island, always claimed to have entertained these suspicious visitors, and also to have found a square hole in the pebbly beach of the Punch Bowl Cove out of which their chest had been lifted.

Jewells Island's other pirate yarn concerns none other than the great Captain Kidd himself. There is hardly a hundred miles of the Atlantic coast where some reef or bar is not pointed out as the hiding place of this ubiquitous gentleman's treasure, but the Jewells Island story has the

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authority of age, for the army officers who investigated the bay for suitable sites for frontier forts, just after the close of the Revolution, described Jewells in their report as "a beautiful island over against the sea where the pirate Kydd, if one may believe popular report, buried a store of jewels and other goods of rare value." Even to-day, islanders all over the bay believe "thar's somethin' in the story 'bout Kidd's gold on Jewells Island."

Speculation runs riot as to the hiding place of this treasure, but the southern end of the island is the most popular location among the speculators. There is a generally accepted tradition that tells of a mysterious sea captain from Freeport who called on Ed Pettingill—his grandchildren are living on Cliff Island to-day—and asked him if he was familiar with Jewells Island. Pettingill worked on the island as a handy man for old Chase, and he replied that he knew it well.

"What," asked the old sailor, "is the southern end of the island like?"

"Well," answered Pettingill, "the land starts at the wood and slopes gently down

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to the shore. There's a couple of long points with a shallow cove in between."

The stranger nodded eagerly, and asked, "Did you ever see a big flat rock on those southern swales marked with an inverted compass—that is with north pointing south."

"No, I ain't never seen it, an' I've looked for it when I was ploughing there, because my father told me about it. It's not there now," he concluded positively.

The old sea captain was evidently much disappointed, and, after a little questioning, spun the following curious yarn: Years before, he said, in a sailor's resort in Key West an old man had accosted him and told him that he had heard he was from Freeport, Maine, in Casco Bay. He asked him if he knew Jewells Island, and told him that Captain Kidd had buried a great treasure under a flat rock on the southern end of the island. He would not tell how he knew it, or who he was, but he gave the following account of the hiding of the treasure. Kidd was coasting off the Long Island shore when he was frightened by the sight of a frigate's sail and scurried around Cape Cod. Off the Isle of

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Shoals another suspicious sail sent him farther north, so, after eluding this pursuer, he determined to hide some of his ill-gotten gains in case he might be captured. Accordingly, he put in towards land and dropped his anchor off Jewells Island. A great copper kettle was taken from the galley and filled with the richest of the booty, jewels and gold. The whole crew was ordered to the boats, and after attempting to land on the rocky outer shore, they rounded the southern point and beached their boats in the shallow cove. Kidd with two loaded pistols stood guard over the precious kettle while the crew explored the island. Finding it uninhabited, the pirate ordered some of the men to dig a hole for the treasure, while he told off others to fill the water kegs at the spring near the center of the island. By the time the hole was dug and the kettle safely deposited in it and covered, the water bearers had returned, and Kidd commanded the whole crew to place over the treasure a great flat rock which their combined efforts could just move. "We'll make it big enough, boys," he laughed with an oath, "so we'll have to all come back together to

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move it." Then the pirate captain himself carved the strange mark upon it, and they put to sea again. Shortly afterwards they were captured; Kidd and two others were hanged in London; and the crew was scattered. The stranger in the Key West saloon would not tell where he learned all this, but he kept repeating that he was an old man and could never get to Jewells Island now.

There is another well believed tradition about Kidd's gold on Jewells Island that connects the name of old Captain Chase grewsomely with the treasure trove. Some sixty years ago, so runs the tale, a stranger came to Cliff Island to hire someone to row him over to Jewells. He had a spade and claimed to have a chart indicating the location of Kidd's cache. He was rowed over and dismissed his ferry. Next day he returned to Cliff Island in one of Chase's boats to buy a pick. He said that he had struck a bargain with the old man and that they were going to hunt together for the buried gold. He returned to Jewells, but was never seen nor heard of again. Chase claimed he returned to Portland after the search failed, but there was al-

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ways a strong suspicion of foul play, and just a few years ago, the present owners, in digging a drain under the barn, unearthed a human skull.

Old Chase could not escape suspicion. He was a bad character and famous as a go-between for the smugglers. They still tell on Cliff Island how the old man's deep voice could be heard bellowing out oaths from his island half a mile away, and his curious old house was a supply depot for any islander who wanted to buy good Jamaica rum at a price that discounted the excise duties. This old house, before it was destroyed by fire in the winter of 1913, was one of the most interesting relics in the bay. It perched high on the crest of the hill, commanding a splendid view both of the snug little cove at the northern end of the island, the cove that is still called the Smuggler's Cove, and also of the inner bay. More a fortress than a home, it was plainly built by a man who did not want to entertain guests. The windows on the lower floor were mere port-holes, and the upper floor was only reached by a rope ladder that could be raised and lowered at will. The McKeens,

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who now own the island, lived in this strange house for years before they discovered a secret closet in between the two floors. In that closet were many old rum bottles, and upon the woody crest of the island they have also found an ancient, iron-bound sea chest full of badly decayed silks.

In the old days, many a trim coaster, fresh from the West Indies, would slip quietly into the well protected Smuggler's Cove. Here she could lie, hidden from prying eyes, for the outer arm of the cove was then heavily wooded. She would have a cargo ostensibly of sugar and molasses, but tucked away in odd corners in her hold would be a few cases of rum. These would be unloaded and carried up to Chase's house, and stored in the secret closet. Then the vessel would proceed innocently into Portland Harbor and discharge her legitimate cargo.

As if the exorbitant profits of this lawless trade were not enough, old Chase was reported to have been in a grewsome partnership with a kindred spirit, a smuggler and reputed ex-pirate, Keiff, who lived over by the Crotch on Cliff Island. This

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precious pair, so the story goes, carried on an unholy business in deliberate wrecks. By displaying lights over on the cliffs where the single, lone cedar grows on Cliff Island, they used to tempt vessels into the shallow channel between the two islands. When they wrecked on the saw-like reefs off Cliff Island, the partners collected the salvage. The grassy knoll, above where the road on Cliff Island turns out to the Crotch, is still called Keiff's Garden. It is the reputed burying place of the sailors whose poor bodies were washed ashore, after being decoyed to their death by the lying signals.

On Haskell Island is another Smuggler's Cove, reported to have been an outpost of the unscrupulous band that had their headquarters over on Mair Point. There are also smugglers' stories told on both Orr's and Bailey's Islands.

This last island, however, is famous among all those in the bay as the home of the only man who is known to have actually rifled a pirate's treasure trove. About 1840 John Wilson quietly slipped away from Bailey's Island without saying a word to anyone, and he suddenly reappeared a month later

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in command of a full-rigged sloop. Moreover, he was the sole owner of this fine new ship. There was nothing unusual in a Bailey's Island man being skipper of a good vessel, and there were several fine sloops owned on the island; but the double honor united in the person of John Wilson demanded explanation. When, a little later, the same John Wilson purchased a splendid farm, tongues wagged all the faster.

For years John Wilson had been the island's ne'er-do-well. He frittered away his patrimony; whatever money he could scrape together slipped through his fingers; none of his ventures turned out successfully. He seemed destined to be a sort of island Rip Van Winkle, a happy, good natured, likable chap, whose family would always be more or less of a public charge upon the charity of his more kind-hearted neighbors. But here he was owner of a brand new sloop and of one of the best farms on the island.

Gradually the true story leaked out. One day that winter, when out duck shooting on the Cedar Ledges, a little rocky reef that lies between Ram and Elm Islands,

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Wilson's foot had slipped into a hole. He stumbled and fell. Something about the hole caught his attention, and he lifted the seaweed out of it. He found its sides round and smooth, and, wonder of wonders! at the bottom was a corroded copper kettle full of strange gold coins. Keeping his own counsel, he went to Boston where he exchanged his Spanish gold for twelve thousand American dollars and bought his vessel.

If you will be careful to go out to the Cedar Ledges at low tide—the famous “Pirate's Gold Pot” is under water at other times—you can, as many other Doubting Thomases have done before you, put your hand into the hole where this hidden treasure lay for so many years.

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